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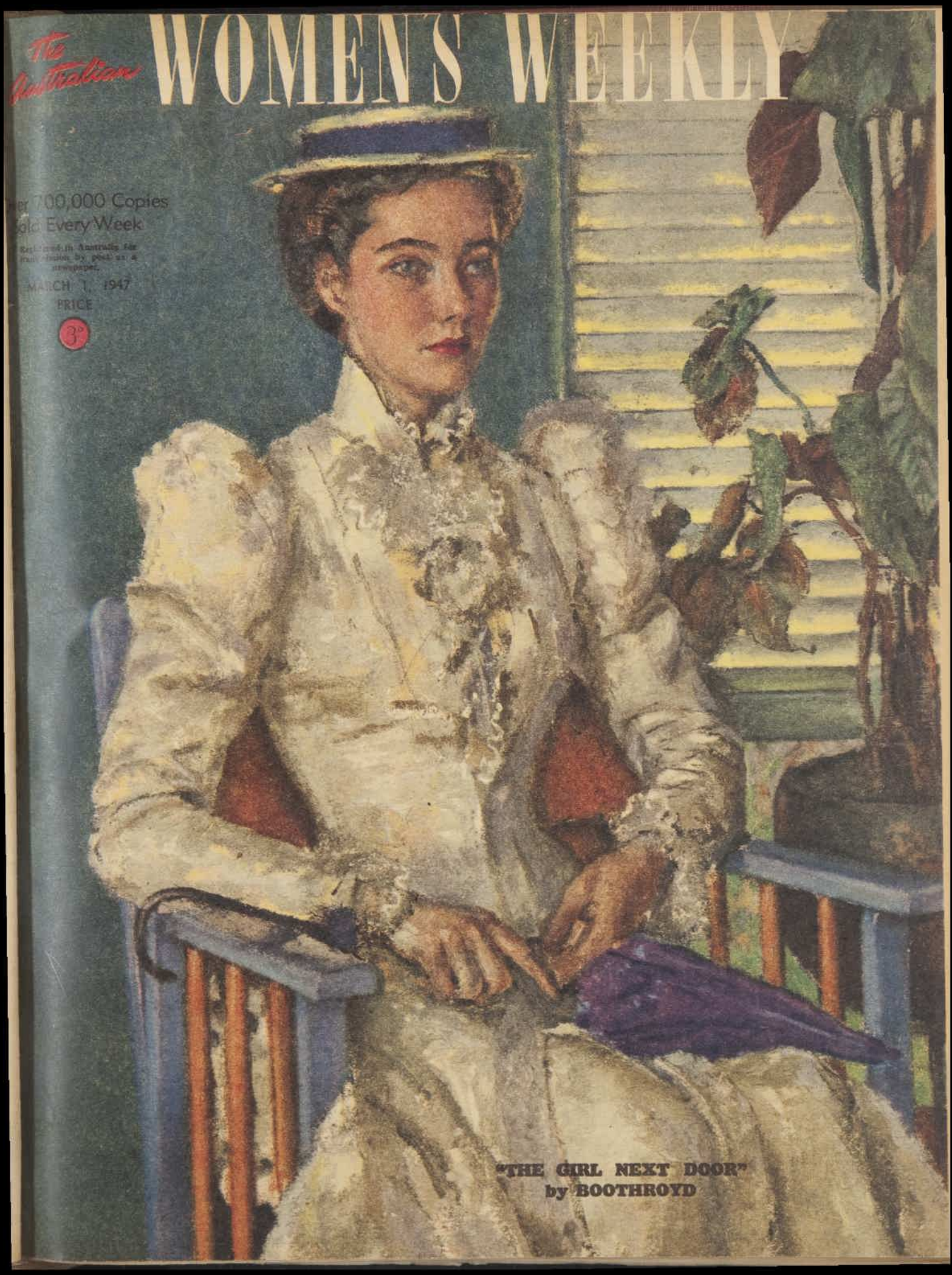

"THE GIRL NEXT DOOR"
by BOOTHROYD

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DARLING, HOW WONDERFUL

By PETER PAUL O'MARA

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NEW SOUTH WALES

IN the dim shadows of the wide porch, there was one shadow that was thicker and more substantial than the others. Finally, after a time, it separated and became two shadows.

"Oh, darling!" a man's voice whispered. "I can't stand this any longer. You've got to marry me!"

"Don't you think I know?" The girl's voice sounded almost angry. "But I can't leave Father. I just can't."

"He'd understand."

"Of course he'd understand. It isn't that. But he'd be as lost as a child without me to run the house for him and keep him company."

"Get him a housekeeper."

"He'd hate that. You know how he is with strangers!"

"Well——" The man's voice hesitated. "We could get married and live here with him."

"You'd hate that. So should I, for that matter. Besides, we couldn't do it. Daddy takes enough managing to keep any one woman busy."

"But——"

"Never mind, my darling. I'll think of something, I promise. Now, kiss me once more. I've got to go in."

The two shadows melted into one again . . .

Mr. Barsten looked across the breakfast table at his daughter Nancy without actually seeing her, but with approval, nevertheless. She was a good girl, Nancy. Ever since her mother had died three years ago, she had kept house for him, and he was as well-looked-after as any man in the town . . .

"Father!" Nancy said, and he became conscious that she might have said it before. "I wish you'd listen!"

"I'm listening," Mr. Barsten said with dignity. "I've been listening all the time."

"You haven't. You hardly ever listen to anyone any more. It just goes to prove what I've been saying."

"What?" Her father picked up his coffee cup and began to drift off into vagueness again. Woman-talk, he had decided long ago, very rarely actually required listening to.

"I've been saying," Nancy said with great distinction and force, "that you're getting old."

He came back to the present with a crash. He looked carefully at his daughter, and had to confess he had never seen her look less jocular.

"Getting old?" he repeated mildly. "Why, I don't think so, my dear. Forty-seven. Prime of life actually."

"Mental and moral decay set in quite early in some people," Nancy told him. "Take your vagueness and your personal untidiness. Look at you now, for instance—ashes all over your vest! And," she finished triumphantly, "all this mooching around after young girls."

Mr. Barsten stopped brushing at his vest and let his jaw drop in shocked amazement.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Mooching around after young girls," she repeated distinctly. "I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself."

Mr. Barsten took a deep breath. He tried to think of any possible absent-minded action of his which might have left him open to some misunderstanding, but he could not. It was fantastic that his own daughter should be saying such things to him. He felt as though he had been savagely attacked by a sofa pillow.

Perhaps she was ill? That must be it, he decided, and was relieved.

"My dear child!" he said soothingly. "My dear little girl——"

"Don't try to soft-soap me, Father!" Nancy told him sternly. "I will not continue to be made the laughing stock of the town by your—your goatish carryings-on. Either you get rid of her, or I go."

It was obviously best to humor her. "Anything you say, my dear," agreed Mr. Barsten.

Nancy looked at him coldly. "I'm glad you see it my way. In that case, I'll give you a week to break in a new secretary. But from next Saturday on you'll have to give me your word that you'll never see Ethel Convoy again."

This was not illness; it was utter insanity. Never see Ethel again? Without Ethel he would be bankrupt in a month. Ethel was the best secretary a man ever had. "You're crazy" he said desperately. "The association between Ethel and me is—ah—purely a business one."

His daughter actually sneered. "Business! Who buys your shirts? Who makes you go to the barber and the dentist? Who makes you pay your bills and get your shoes shined?"

"Of course it's business," Mr. Barsten said, and realised he was squawking.

"You should be ashamed of yourself," his daughter repeated, "taking advantage of the poor thing because she happens to be in love with you—a man of your age and in your position!"

Mr. Barsten was aware that his mouth was opening and closing like a fish's, and was unable to do anything about it. As he tried to think of something to say, he heard an automobile horn blowing, and he realised that young Sanleigh was waiting to drive him to the office. He had never been so glad to escape from a conversation in his life.

He got to his feet. "Well—ah—I must be off."

"I suppose so," Nancy said, and turned her head so that his kiss landed on her ear.

Mr. Barsten fled. He could not remember ever having spent such a half-hour in his life before, or at least not since his wife died. And it was not like Nancy, it really was not . . .

Young Adam Sanleigh was parked in front of the house in his old blue car. He was a lean young man with a wide grin, and had been Mr. Barsten's chief assistant chemist at the laboratories ever since his discharge from the Army the year before. He was a friend of Nancy's, though it seemed to Mr. Barsten they quarrelled every time they saw each other.

They drove in silence through town and down towards the chemical works, while Mr. Barsten worried over the things Nancy had said. Was it really possible that the town was gossiping about Ethel and him?

"Adam," he said tentatively, "ah—I want you to tell me something. Have you heard any—well, gossip—about me recently?"

Adam took so long to answer that finally Mr. Barsten turned to look at him. He was shocked to find the young man scarlet with obvious embarrassment.

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As Ethel preceded him into the office Mr. Barsten reflected that she really was a very attractive girl.

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ONE, TWO, BUCKLE MY SHOE

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

DENTIST HENRY MORLEY is found shot dead in his surgery, and evidence gathered by CHIEF INSPECTOR JAPP, of Scotland Yard, indicates that he committed suicide after giving a fatal overdose of an injection to wealthy Greek AMBERIOTIS.

HERCULE POIROT, assisting Japp, is dissatisfied with the suicide theory and continues investigations. Among those interviewed by the two men are GEORGINA MORLEY, the dentist's sister; REILLY, his partner; ALFRED, the page-boy; and patients HOWARD RAIKES, an American; ALISTAIR BLUNT, noted banker; and MISS SAINSBURY SEALE, vague middle-aged spinster.

None of these throws much light on the mystery, but Blunt's niece, JANE OLIVERA, seems strangely roused by the two men's visit to her uncle, and Georgina Morley declares that there was bad feeling between her brother and FRANK CARTER, fiance of Morley's secretary, GLADYS NEVILL.

A puzzling feature of the case was a hoax telegram summoning Gladys Nevill away the morning of Morley's death. Further complication arises with the sudden mysterious disappearance of Miss Sainsbury Seale.

Now read on:—

"My feelings should be considered, Alistair," Mrs. Olivera was saying as Poirot came in.

EARLY the following morning Hercule Poirot went to the Holborn Palace Hotel and asked for Mr. Howard Raikes. By this time it would hardly have surprised him to hear that Mr. Howard Raikes, too, had stepped out one evening and had never returned.

Mr. Howard Raikes, however, was still at the Holborn Palace, and was said to be breakfasting.

The apparition of Hercule Poirot at the breakfast table seemed to give Mr. Raikes doubtful pleasure.

Though not looking so murderous as in Poirot's disordered recollection of him, his scowl was still formidable. He stared at his uninvited guest and said ungraciously: "What do you want?"

"You permit?"

Hercule Poirot drew a chair from another table.

"Don't mind me!" Mr. Raikes said. "Sit down and make yourself at home!"

Poirot smilingly availed himself of the permission.

"Well, what do you want?" Mr. Raikes repeated.

"Do you remember me at all, Mr. Raikes?"

"Never set eyes on you in my life."

"There you are wrong. You sat in the same room with me for at least five minutes not more than three days ago."

"I can't remember everyone I meet at some party or other."

"It was not a party," said Poirot. "It was a dentist's waiting-room."

Some swift emotion flashed into the young man's eyes and died again at once. His manner changed. It was no longer impatient and casual. It became suddenly wary.

"Well?" he demanded.

Poirot studied him carefully before replying. He felt, quite positively, that this was indeed a dangerous young man. A lean, hungry face, an aggressive jaw, the eyes of a fanatic. It was a face though, that women might find attractive. He was untidily, even shabbily dressed, and he ate with a careless voraciousness that was, so the man watching him thought, significant.

Breaking the silence, Raikes said harshly, "What do you mean—coming here like this?"

"My visit is disagreeable to you?"

"I don't even know who you are."

"I apologise." Dexterously Poirot whipped out his card case. He extracted a card and passed it across the table.

Again that emotion that he could not quite define showed upon Mr. Raikes' lean face. It was not fear—it was more aggressive than fear. After it, quite unquestionably, came anger. He tossed the card back.

"So that's who you are, is it? I've heard of you."

"Most people have," said Hercule Poirot modestly.

"You're a private dick, aren't you? The expensive kind. The kind people hire when money is no object—when it's worth paying anything in order to save their miserable skins!"

"If you do not drink your coffee," said Hercule Poirot, "it will get cold." He spoke kindly and with authority.

Raikes stared at him.

"Say, just what kind of an insect are you?"

"The coffee in this country is very bad anyway——" said Poirot.

"I'll say it is," agreed Mr. Raikes with fervor.

"But if you allow it to get cold it is practically undrinkable."

The young man leant forward.

"What are you getting at? What's the big idea in coming round here?"

Poirot shrugged his shoulders.

"I wanted to—see you."

"Oh, yes?" said Mr. Raikes sceptically. His eyes narrowed. "If it's money you're after, you've come to the wrong man! The people I'm in with can't afford to buy what they want. Better go back to the man who pays you your salary."

Poirot said, sighing, "Nobody has paid me anything—yet."

"So you say!" Mr. Raikes sneered.

"It is the truth," said Hercule Poirot. "I am wasting a good deal of valuable time for no recompense whatsoever. Simply, shall we say, to assuage my curiosity."

"And I suppose," said Mr. Raikes, "you were just assuaging your curiosity at that dentist's the other day?"

Poirot shook his head. He said, "You seem to overlook the most ordinary reason for being in a dentist's waiting-room—which is that one is waiting to have one's teeth attended to."

"So that's what you were doing?" Mr. Raikes' tone expressed contemptuous unbelief. "Waiting to have your teeth seen to?"

"Certainly."

"You'll excuse me if I say I don't believe it."

"May I ask then, Mr. Raikes, what you were doing there?"

Mr. Raikes grinned suddenly. He said, "Got you there! I was waiting to have my teeth seen to also."

"You had perhaps the toothache?"

"That's right, big boy."

"But all the same, you went away without having your teeth attended to?"

"What if I did? That's my business."

He paused—then he said, with a quick savagery of tone, "Oh, what's the use of all this slick talking? You were there to look after your big shot. Well, he's all right, isn't he? Nothing happened to your precious Mr. Alistair Blunt. You've nothing on me."

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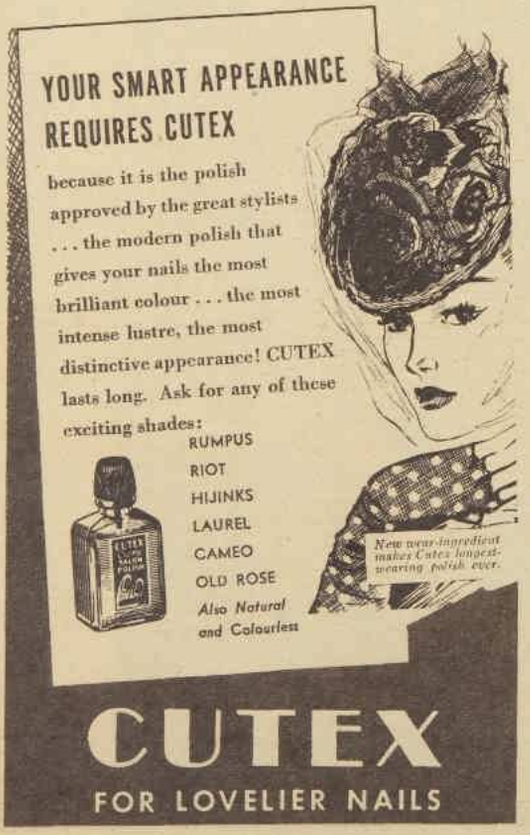

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MEETING AT NIGHT

By MARGOT NEVILLE

"I mean to say some of the things I've had on my mind," he said in his cool voice.

KATRINE LORIMER walked slowly the half mile from the post office along the sunken road bordered by hedges of briar enclosing the ripening fields. Although it was early yet, the night was so quiet that the smallest sound carried for miles—a train whistling, a voice in the distance, a dog barking.

The familiar sounds seemed to take on a new significance, a secret meaning like accented points in a fairy tale.

You could see things for miles, too, it seemed to Katrine, in this moonlight spread over the landscape like a bridal veil of shimmering white lace veiling beauty in its hour of perfection.

It was the quality of the night that had called her out with the excuse of posting a letter. The moonlight had beckoned, promising something unusual, something exquisite, she didn't know what.

For quite a long time after dinner she had resisted this strange new restlessness, half angry with herself for wanting, even for a minute, something more than the calm happiness her life had to give her.

But at last she had let the impulse take her.

As she was coming downstairs, Charles had emerged from the library, a finger marking his page, and had stood looking up at her.

"Hullo, sweetheart, where are you off to?"

"Just to the village to post this note. I want it to catch this evening's mail."

"Can't I take it for you?"

"Thanks awfully, darling, but as a matter of fact, I'd rather like the walk. It's such a lovely night."

"Oh, well, if you really want to . ."

He hadn't offered to go with her. Charles always knew intuitively what she was feeling, so he'd known that she'd wanted to walk out and be alone in this fairy-tale world.

She had hurried on to the porch and quietly pulled the door shut behind her, and he had gone back to the library, to his reading-lamp and his book.

Now, caught in this silver web of silence, she was dawdling along on her way back, sauntering along lazily, humming a little tune under her breath.

It wasn't until she was nearly home—within a few yards of the gates of the park—that she noticed there was someone, a man, coming up the road behind her.

Katrine half stopped and glanced back, expecting it to be someone she knew. Was there anyone round here whom she didn't know? But the tall, broad-shouldered figure was unfamiliar.

Anyhow, she thought, it's only an illusion that you can see things in the moonlight. You really can't. Nothing is quite real, quite itself, on a night like this—neither the outer aspect of things nor your own self.

If it was someone she knew, she thought, he would hail her and speak, seeing her go in at the gates of the Grange.

But the man came on without speaking, and she walked through the big gates and started up the avenue of chestnuts, her footsteps making no sound on the leaf-padded drive.

In there you couldn't hope to see anything more than a few feet away from you. There were only occasional splashes of light through the laced boughs in their full summer leaf. But she went confidently ahead, every yard of the avenue familiar to her even in complete darkness.

She came presently to where it opened out, with, ahead, the gravel drive up to the house, and on the left the gardens in three terraces with stone parapets between and walks of flowering myrtles and rhododendrons.

At that moment the man stepped out of the shadows and spoke her name: "Katrine."

She turned quickly and faced him. They were still in the thick twilight of the last trees of the avenue.

He said again: "Katrine. Katrine Fanning."

She said quickly: "Katrine Lorimer."

"Why, yes, I knew that—that you were married. The news of your marriage got through to me soon after, in New York."

"In New York . . . !" There was a breathless note in her voice. "New York?.. . ." And then: "Raymond Opie?"

"Yes. Don't say you didn't know me again, Katrine. I can't believe that twenty years have made as much difference as that."

It certainly would have been hard to believe that he had ever been more pleasing to look at than he was now in his early forties—tall, spare, and yet powerfully built, quietly sure of himself and of things in general, as a man may be who has measured himself steadily against life, and found himself equal to everything it has to oppose him with.

She stood quite still, looking at him, trying to absorb the shock of seeing him here. He waited for her to speak but she didn't say anything. Instead, she turned away and walked quickly across the lawn on to the middle terrace, and he followed her over the cool thick grass.

IN a minute she came back and faced him again. There was a lot of ill-concealed heat in her voice as she said: "Why did you come here? You might have known that you had no right."

"But surely after twenty years," he began.

She stopped him. "What's that got to do with it? Twenty years? How does that alter things? You can't expect to do what you did and think that a few years is going to wipe it all out as though it hadn't happened."

He said quietly: "No, not quite that. That's not exactly what I thought."

"Well, what then?" she challenged.

"Well, I guess it's been on my mind for a long time—to come here and see Katrine Lorimer and try to explain——"

"There's nothing to explain, nothing to be said."

"Isn't there, though?"

"No. You can only cause trouble. So will you please go away now and forget that you came, that you made this attempt, or saw this place again, or me . . . or anything."

Even the dimness couldn't play down the emotion on her face, the fire in her glance. Once again, as though dismissing him, she turned and walked along the terrace, her head bent and her eyes lowered to the grass.

Raymond Opie waited, leaning on the edge of the stone parapet that separated this terrace from the one below. It was hard to believe in anger—impossible to be moved by it—on this trance-like night.

As he stood there, Katrine came slowly back, looking almost ghostly herself in her long, floating, creamy frock. She didn't look so emotional now—so sure of herself, either.

She said: "I'm sorry if I was ill-mannered and angry, but——"

"Why be sorry? That's the way you feel."

"Yes, I know, but——"

"But you had to let yourself go a bit and not let me down too lightly, eh?"

She could see the half-smile on his mouth—a mouth on which the years had stamped an expression of kindness and humor.

He said, in that quiet voice that sounded so cool and unruffled: "Well, anyhow, I'm here now, talking here with you, and however unwelcome I may be I mean to say some of the things I've had on my mind——"

"I told you I don't want to talk about it or listen," she said again, but her tone was weak, carrying no conviction. He came round to her side, touched her arm, and they turned together into the rhododendron walk.

Still unruffled, he went on: "If I've really been annihilated, as you say, by my conduct, and haven't even the right to put my case, let's talk about it as though we were talking of two other people, not the real actors in the drama at all."

"I fail to see why that should——"

"You're wrong. That's the only way, ever, to see yourself and your actions objectively."

"Oh, I find it's usually quite easy to be objective about one's own shortcomings—if by that you mean find excuses for them."

"Listen a minute, Katrine. Don't get all worked up again. We're talking about a young man of twenty years ago—not me. Is that agreed?"

"If you wish. All right, go on."

"Well, this boy was only twenty-three—a rather young twenty-three, don't forget. He fell in love with a girl, crazily, romantically—not very realistically, maybe—and——"

She flared: "That's cheap—to sneer at it now!"

"No, no, I'm not belittling his love, but I must explain its quality. For him she was a kind of object of prayerful worship, and yet somehow—how he ever had the courage I don't know — they got engaged. Then circumstances forced him to go away and leave her and——"

"Circumstances!"

"Yes, the fact that he hadn't a thing to lay on the goddess' altar—only a full heart and an empty purse. A fact like that can have quite a lot of kick behind it, believe me."

"Yes, perhaps, for some people."

He paused and looked at her with grave mock severity. He said: "If I didn't hate a mixed metaphor I'd say that a girl who's born with a silver spoon in her mouth may sometimes be rather blinded by it to other people's crude financial troubles."

"That's not so. She was never blind to anyone's troubles."

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Throw the Man Overboard

By A. R. WETJEN

CAPTAIN EVANS, of the tramp steamer Trablo, was disgusted. He looked at the eager-eyed, fresh-faced young man who had appeared in his cabin, glanced at his credentials again, then waved a weary hand.

"All right, Mr. Johnson. So you're my new third mate."

"You know, sir," said Mr. Johnson, beaming, "Lecky says a new officer should first become acquainted with the ship. If I might ask, sir——"

"Lecky?" said Captain Evans, puzzled. "Who is Lecky?"

It was Mr. Johnson's turn to be puzzled. "Why—you know, sir. Lecky's Wrinkles in Practical Navigation. We studied that in our training."

"Ah, yes," agreed Captain Evans kindly. "And no doubt you've heard of a book called Mayhow's System of Cargo Stowage?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I recall——"

"Well, get out of here and get in the forehold and attend to the stowing! I'm busy." Captain Evans took another look at the credentials. "Two voyages to Australia, eh, and certified by the academy. Well, well! But do you know anything about the sea?"

"I—I hope so, sir," Mr. Johnson stammered.

Captain Evans tossed his papers in a desk drawer. "All right. Then get below and stow cargo. What you don't know you'll soon learn on this crate!"

He closed his eyes until his new third had hurriedly departed, and then bussed his steward and ordered him to find the first mate. Mr. Fergie's face was almost as seamed as Captain Evans' and his hair almost as white, and he sat on the edge of the desk, as befitted an old friend and shipmate.

"Aye, I've seen it, sir," he rasped, anticipating what was coming. "It reported to me first and wanted to know if I was acquainted with the Handbook for Mates. I told him the only book I knew much about any more was the one where you signed for your pay."

"It's pretty sad what they send to sea now," the captain agreed. "He gave me some book stuff, too. I suppose all they do is sit around and read and make a trip, and then they hand 'em tickets. You'd better go see what sort of a mess he's making in the foreholds. Is the new second mate aboard yet?"

"Not yet, but he's probably better than Johnson. He's made a Persian Gulf run with old man Blake, which has probably saved his soul."

"If he's been with Blake he probably has no soul left," the captain commented sourly. "Well, I'm going over to the customs. Another mix-up. Just keep an eye on Johnson, because that case oil we're taking in for'ard can be tricky in a sea. Not to mention the acid."

"Aye," said Mr. Fergie, and chewed on his battered pipe. "Maybe I better go look up the Handbook for Mates if I can find one. I'll have to listen to Johnson."

Down in No. 1 hold, Mr. Johnson was arguing with the boss stevedore and getting that massive, grey-thatched gentleman angrier and angrier.

"But you can't stow carboys of acid in the shelter deck," he was saying. "It's against the rules. It's specifically stated in Mayhow——"

"Are you trying to tell me my business?" demanded the boss stevedore. "And who is Mayhow?"

"Mayhow's System of——"

"Look, sonny," the boss stevedore said disrespectfully. "Whoever this Mayhow was, he never had to load tramps like the Trablo. I know acid carboys ought to be stowed on deck, in case of breakage, so they can be tossed overside before the acid does any damage."

"Then Mayhow was certainly correct——"

Johnson ploughed on doggedly despite the breaking seas, and the chaos around him.

"Shut up!" the other man growled. "This is a dirty sea ship, and anything carried topside is apt to get washed clean afore you're a coupla days out. There's a lot of rules you sometimes look sideways at, and, anyway, my private orders is to stick the carboys in the shelter deck. I'll get 'em packed and wedged so they'll never even squeak."

"But Brockley, in his Safe Stowage, also insists——"

"Mr. Johnson," said Fergie's rasping voice, as he climbed down the spider-ladder from above, "there's some stuff going in aft I'd like you to take care of. Nice safe stuff like crates of shoes. You run along."

Mr. Johnson swallowed, glared at the boss stevedore, and then disapprovingly departed, muttering paragraphs from Brockley's Safe Stowage.

Mr. Fergie chewed on his pipe and nodded. "Go ahead, Mac, but pack 'em good. We'll just keep our fingers crossed we don't get an underwriter's man or someone poking around at the last minute."

"O.K.," grunted the boss stevedore. "But you got any more aboard like the new squirt? I don't want no more arguments."

"Mac," sighed Fergie, "you don't savvy the half of it. He's just full of education and enthusiasm."

Mr. Johnson was reasonably subdued for the first day or so. He confined himself to three quotes from Maya's Art of Handling Vessels in Narrow Channels, one from Marlowe's Sea Lore, and only two regarding Swanson's Methods of Navigation, which brought him into trouble with the second mate.

"Now, look here!" the second mate said flatly. "I'm a navigator on this tin box, and I know all about Swanson's Methods. I just got out of a run with old man Blake, of the Travancore, and every time I'd try and mention such things he'd climb down my gullet. Now I just navigate and shut up. Try it!"

"Well, it's a funny thing to me," complained Mr. Johnson, staggering a little as the Trablo sat suddenly on her stern and then rolled generously to port. "We learn all this stuff and no one pays any attention to it."

The second jerked a thumb out of the chartroom door.

"See that sea?" he said sourly. "That's your book from now on. Don't you know the examiners only really come aboard at sea, and they've never heard of books! Just settle down and stop getting the old man riled up with a lot of guff."

"But I still think," Mr. Johnson insisted, "even if the Marc St. Hilaire method is outdated, there are some very good suggestions——"

The second picked up a volume of the Pacific Coast Pilot and made as if to throw it. Mr. Fergie, the first mate, came in chewing on his pipe, frowned, and said, "What are you two beefing about, anyway?"

The second put the Pacific Pilot down and coughed. "Oh, he's just spouting, trying to give me some ideas about sights, sir."

"I was just saying that Swanson's Methods of Navigation, sir, positively states——"

Mr. Fergie said gently, "Mr. Johnson, I have recently been looking through an old book I'd forgotten I still had. It's called Required Conduct of Junior Mates and was written by a master in sail who lived before you were born. He must have had junior mates, too, and got a little tired of them. Now, if I recall it, it's your watch, so get on the bridge. The second's taking care of the course."

Mr. Johnson said meekly, "Yes, sir. I was just trying to help."

"Third mates," Mr. Fergie rasped wearily, "are not supposed to help. We just carry them along for ballast."

The second mate grinned as the third departed. "That's telling 'em, sir," he observed.

Mr. Fergie eyed him coldly. "About all that's saved you, mister, is a tough trip under Captain Blake, who doesn't like talkative juniors, anyway. Now what's the position and course?"

Please turn to page 25

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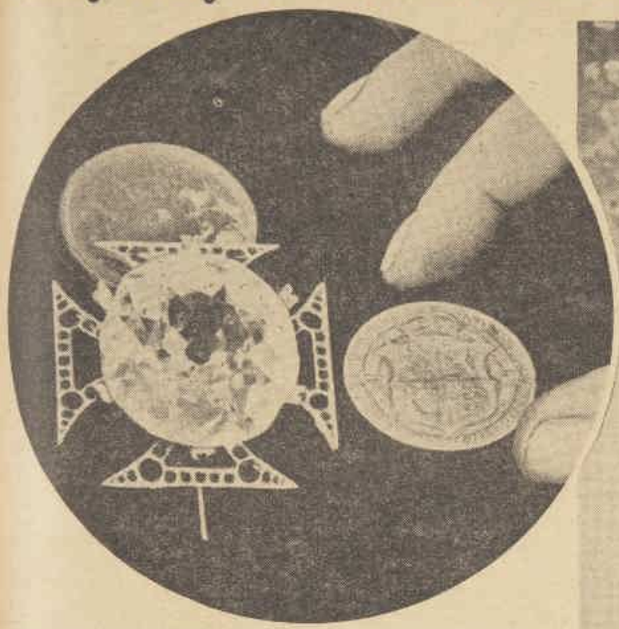
Royalty's fabulous gems for African tour



HISTORIC DIAMOND, the Koh-i-noor, one of the personal jewels of the reigning British Queen, is larger than a half-crown coin, is reputed to be now worth £1,000,000.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN wearing some of the beautiful diamonds, most of them gifts and bequests, in her personal collection. The diamond tiara, of unusual design, was a present to the Queen from the King the year he ascended the Throne.

Land of diamonds prepares gifts for the Queen and Princesses

Radioed by ANNE MATHESON, our special representative travelling with the Royal party in South Africa

Diamonds will be the main jewels worn by Queen Elizabeth during the State visit to South Africa.

She has chosen them as a compliment to the Dominion whose vivid history and material prosperity are bound up with diamonds.

THOUGH the Queen has a beautiful "ruby suite" and many other varied gems, she will almost certainly wear diamonds above everything.

Through no wish of her own—but to her great delight—she and the Princesses will return to Britain with more jewellery than they had when they left.

Princess Elizabeth will spend her twenty-first birthday on April 21 in South Africa, and it is known that the South African Government will present her with a gift of about 400 fine diamonds, estimated to have a value of £20,000.

The Queen and Princess Margaret are also certain to be made gifts of diamonds during the tour.

These gifts will become the personal jewels of the Queen and the Princesses, like the gems they are wearing during their tour.

The King and Queen did not take with them the Imperial Crown Jewels. As in the case of the State visit to Paris before the war, these will stay in Britain under closest guard.

During the war their secret hiding place was a cellar beneath Windsor Castle.

Then they were transferred to the vaults of the Bank of England.

The Jewel House at the Tower of London was damaged by a flying-bomb and had to be restored, and elaborate, electrically controlled safety devices installed before the Crown Jewels could return to public view as one of the most famous sights in London.

This sight is unique, for these are the only Crown jewels in the world on view to the public, and it is estimated that before the war 350,000 saw the jewels each year.

The question of taking the Imperial State Crown to South Africa on the Royal tour was considered. It was decided it should remain in England.

But the Queen has taken with her some very beautiful jewellery of her own.

Like most Englishwomen, she has never made a great show of jewellery. Rarely has it been discussed.

For the most part, the public has noticed that she, like Queen Mary, usually wears pearl necklaces or brooches which are part of her general ensemble.

Only on very great occasions is she likely to wear jewellery which will be at all conspicuous.

Probably her most striking ornament will be the famous Koh-i-noor diamond, which she wore on the State visit to Paris in 1938.

Those who saw it will never forget the night when the Queen stood, late at night, at a window of the Quai d'Orsay, the French Foreign Office, looking out over the lights of Paris.

Suddenly from the great diamond there flashed a brilliant blue spark.

Surrounded by many strange legends, the Koh-i-noor — the name means "Mountain of Light" — was presented to Queen Victoria by the East India Company in 1851.

It appeared in the Great Exhibition that year, but later the Prince Consort had it sent to Holland to be cut and shaped. This was not the first time that the Koh-i-noor had been cut by a lapidary. An Indian ruler had sent it to a Venetian who was a very bad workman, and it lost much of its beauty. But the experts in Holland did their work well, and since then its size has not altered.

The Koh-i-noor is the personal possession of the reigning British Queen, and not part of the British Crown regalia.

Normally it is kept at Buckingham Palace, but is shown with the Crown Jewels at the Tower of London during the tourist season.

This beautiful diamond is beyond price. Thirty years ago, a rough estimate of its value was £120,000. To-day its worth has been put as high as £1,000,000.

That may sound extravagant.

But when the Queen went to Paris in 1938, her jewels, which included this famous jewel, were valued at £1,500,000.

Larger than a half-crown coin, this magnificent diamond is worn by the Queen either in her crown or as an individual ornament.

During her South African tour, as in Paris, the Queen may wear her "Regal Circlet," which is the diamond-and-platinum crown used at her Coronation, but without the arches.

Thus it becomes an "open crown," resembling a tiara.

Almost certainly the Queen will wear the Lesser Star of Africa, larger but less valuable than the Koh-i-noor.

Like the latter, it is a personal gift to the Royal Family, and so not part of State regalia.

Apart from these two outstanding gems, the Queen's diamonds include a number of bequests and gifts.

Her mother, the late Countess of Strathmore, in her will left "to my youngest daughter, Elizabeth Angela Marguerite, Duchess of York, my diamond snake bracelet and my yellow diamond cross."

Diamonds figured prominently among the magnificent collection of gems bequeathed to the Queen by the late Mrs. Ronald Greville.

A tiara and necklace of fine diamonds with matching ring and earrings and other ornaments were prominent among them.

Another set in the bequest was a tiara of diamonds and cabochon emeralds with a ring and pendant earrings.

Eight or nine long ropes of pearls, each made from perfect gems, were in the collection.

So valuable are they that when Mrs. Greville paid a visit to India she wore copies, as the insurance premiums would have been so heavy.

From the moment they left the Royal strongrooms till they are back in London again, the priceless Royal jewels will be under constant, close guard.

This will be part of the responsibility of senior Scotland Yard detectives who have the arduous task of providing security for the Royal party during the tour.

While deep secrecy is naturally maintained about the movement of this most valuable collection of jewellery, it very probably was taken to South Africa in H.M.S. Vanguard, where it would be guarded by armed Marine sentries day and night.

Once at Capetown, it has the double protection of British police officers travelling with the Royal Family and of South African detective chiefs with wide experience of watching gems of fabulous worth.

Only when brought out for the Queen's use are the jewels out of the safe and strong-box, to which they are returned as soon as they are no longer wanted.

Naturally, the Queen will take care to show her diamonds to best effect in a country where diamonds are so much part of the nation's life.

Princess Elizabeth has not the same responsibility.

She has only a little jewellery, in addition to her pearl necklace, to which her father has added one pearl on every birthday.

To-day it has twenty pearls, and that of Princess Margaret, to which the King also makes a yearly addition, has sixteen pearls.

On Princess Elizabeth's twenty-first birthday—in South Africa—the King will add a twenty-first pearl.

On the same day she will receive her gift of diamonds, which will really start the personal collection of jewels of the future Queen of England.

These gifts for her mother and herself will be a permanent and enduring memory of their historic visit, and will be a precious and beautiful addition to the many links between the Throne and the Dominions.

Royal fashions

TWO pages in color of frocks and fabrics chosen by the Queen and the two Princesses for their South African tour will appear in our issue of March 8.

Original color sketches by Norman Hartnell of day and evening frocks for the Royal wardrobes are reproduced, together with color photographs of actual pieces of fabrics, some specially woven, which have been used for some of the frocks.

Renovated residences

DURING their tour the Royal Family will stay in four of the Governor-General's residences in provincial capitals—at Capetown, Durban, Pretoria, and Bloemfontein.

As no renovations had been made in these residences during the war years, the wife of the Governor-General, a Scotswoman, Mrs. Van Zyl, has been busy choosing new hangings and soft furnishings.

The new furnishing materials for Government House, Pretoria, include a handblocked linen depicting Glamis Castle, the Scottish seat of the Queen's father, the Earl of Strathmore.

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Editorial

MARCH 1, 1947

SCIENCE AND THE FUTURE

AUSTRALIAN scientists have been experimenting with rain-making. In their cautious scientific way they admit to having produced a shower. But so far they refuse to develop from that small success into promises and predictions.

It takes a man-produced shower—or an atom bomb—to remind us from time to time of the quiet army of Science that is constantly wresting the secrets from this mysterious universe.

Such things as rain-making and rocketing to the moon used to belong to a world of Wellsian or Jules Verne fantasy.

Over the past fifty years the scientists have been busy making many of those fanciful ideas come true. Mankind watched their performance with wonder and delight.

It seemed nothing was impossible to these men, whom Science drives along a road of its own inexorable choosing.

The scientists saw this road clear before them as the pursuit of exact knowledge. Their method accepted nothing without proof, hid no truth it uncovered, paused not to ask what would be done with the discoveries.

Until they produced the atom bomb . . .

That blew Science out of its ivory tower and made the scientists aware as never before that in conquering man's physical surroundings they are not necessarily conquering man.

There the poets and philosophers have always been ahead of them.

The scientist may eventually give man's coal-starved cities atomic power and his drought-stricken farmlands rain, but so far he has done little to produce the wisdom needed to handle these gifts.

While the scientists continue to drop dry ice on clouds, will the poets please so blow upon us with sweet reason as to make this and other new tricks no menace to the world?

WHEN THE SHINGLE first came in, wives told their husbands that it would save time and trouble.

It seems to me...

BY

Dorothy Drain

LAZY girls whose hearts leapt at Antoine's prophecy of the return of the shingle this year shouldn't take it too literally.

Antoine—the fabulous gentleman who made a fortune out of hairdressing in London and Paris, once had himself a white satin dress suit made, and kept his own glass coffin in his glass house in Paris—invented the bob and the shingle.

But I don't believe him when he says that the new fashion will mean that setting and shampooing can be done at home.

Ah no. I'll lay odds that if the shingle returns it will be in some fancy guise with a swirl or a bunch of curls that will still keep us tied to the hairdressers.

Remember—or do you?—that people once said short hair would save so much time and trouble.

Way back that was the favorite argument used by women who wanted to convince their husbands that the bob was a good idea. It wasn't valid long.

Cast your mind back over the years of permanent waves and curls and rolls and cutting and shaping.

And when you talk about saving time and trouble—blush!

* * *

ANYWAY, if the shingle came back, it would be but a ghost. The haircut might be there, but where the spirit of daring it was worn with? Gone forever with the twenties.

The shingle at first was considered almost improper. Not quite in the class of French bathing-suits, perhaps. But the general conservative opinion was that the young woman who wore it also drank cocktails, rushed round in fast motor-cars, and would come to no good.

Thinking of it makes me quite sorry for this postwar generation. The opportunities for harmless daring are so limited.

* * *

A FRENCH scientist claims that he has invented a way of abolishing noise by neutralising sound, which may make future wars noiseless . . .

A noiseless war may have appeal for some,
No crump of bombs, the ack-ack barrage dumb,
But note, sir, with your talk of future war,
It's PEACE and quiet that we'll settle for.
To silence wars seems hardly worth the fuss.
Another war will silence you—and us.

* * *

OCCASIONALLY you hear stories that food parcels sent to England increase the racket in black market food, the inference being that they are stolen en route.

A methodical man I know, disturbed at such reports, kept a check for some months on the parcels he and a group of friends sent to relatives in England.

He found that many took a very long time to arrive, but all got there.

His conclusion: That it's a pity such stories get round, especially when things are so tough in England just now.

The sad fact is that in any scheme involving generosity there are always a few people ready to excuse themselves from giving by pointing out the loopholes.

It's like that old excuse for refusing a beggar's plea: "If you give them money they only spend it on beer."

* * *

MORE men are going into domestic work. Two young men in London who have started a cleaning firm called "Mr. Mopps" claim they're better at such work than women.

The invasion of these feminine spheres isn't limited to charring.

A man passed the Nurses' Board Examination in Victoria recently. Two hospitals in Manchester, England, have engaged men as servants to assist the nurses.

Goodness knows where all this will stop.

We'd better watch out.

Men will be demanding equal rights before long.

WHEN words alter in meaning, the matter's of more than academic interest.

"Refugee" is a case in point. It ought to mean—and did till a few years ago—one who takes refuge. With that original meaning it carried sympathy.

When we talked about refugees early in the war we often meant people fleeing down the roads of Europe before the German invaders.

Now it is used half the time as a term of dislike.

To combat that inference refugees from Europe are sometimes called "displaced persons." Migrant might be a better word.

But in essence it's not the word, it's the attitude.

There are complaints that some refugees are rich. We'd have more to complain about if they were a charge on the country.

Some refugees are not very likeable. That's a trait that isn't confined to foreigners.

They will take jobs from Australians, is another objection. That could apply to all migrants. But they will consume goods as well as jobs.

At this stage it mightn't be a bad idea to repeat some of the newsreels of Belsen. Our sympathy was ready enough when no more than sympathy was asked.

Granted we prefer immigrants of British stock. That's natural enough. You're readier to like people you know than those you don't.

But we're going to need a lot of people in this country, and they won't all come from Britain.

Refugee, whatever meaning you give it, is a nicer word than conqueror.

* * *

CHANGING meaning of words isn't confined to important things. It's the bane of advertisers and manufacturers who try to find euphemisms for their wares. Think of the gradual change from "stays" to "corset," to "girdle," to "foundation garment."

Each word sounds a little prettier for a while.

The other day, heaven help us, I saw a shop advertising "Personalised foundations." Maybe that's more glamorous than corsets made to measure.

But stays are stays, for a' that.

* * *

OR take "girl." It used only to be applied to the very young. The other day when Princess Catherine of Greece, aged 34, became engaged to a British Army officer, her prospective mother-in-law said "The Princess is a very sweet girl."

Applied to a Princess, "girl" acquires a kind of official status for the thirties, and soon girls will be girls for ever. Very nice, too.

But, girls, take warning. I've a suspicion that's why the term teen-agers was coined.

* * *

SUGGESTION of a tea price rise caused a stir, but if the price were doubled, or trebled, the added cost to the housekeeping bill would still be small compared to increases there have been in meat, vegetables, and clothing.

On the ration, at the present price, tea costs per person a fraction over threepence per week (half-pound per month, 1/1½ at the fixed price of 2/3).

The first suggestions that it might rocket to 9/- have been discounted, though there's still the possibility that it could be 4/6 or more. (New Zealanders pay 4/7 per lb.)

If the Federal Government continues to pay the subsidy the price will remain as it is. If it doesn't, tea will rise to the market level. So, whichever way it goes, you pay for your tea—either by taxation or as a direct increase.

Tea hasn't any caloric food value. We wouldn't starve without it. But most women and a lot of men would forgo many things before their cup of tea.

Interesting People

DR. MARGARET CHATTAWAY
. . . wood research

ONE of the few English women scientists whose job is wood research, Oxford graduate Dr. Margaret Chattaway, M.A., B.Sc., D.Phil., has come here to take up post with Forestry Division of the C.S.I.R., and is much impressed with friendliness of Australians. Attributes it to fact that neighborliness was so important in nation's pioneering days. Did research at Naples Marine Biological Station, and was A.T.S. officer during war.

MR. MICHAEL THWAITES
. . . sailor and poet

VERSATILE Australian poet Michael Thwaites, 1937 Melbourne University Rhodes Scholar, who joined the R.N. and commanded a corvette during war, is coming home as the rehabilitation lecturer in English at his old University. He was awarded the King's Gold Medal for his poem, "Milton Blind." Poet-laureate John Masefield, in making the presentation, said: "This remarkable poem represents the bracing of the human spirit against the world's tragedy."

SENIOR SISTER N. HERITAGE
. . . Royal Red Cross

FAIR-HAIRED Tasmanian Senior Sister Nora Heritage turned grey in the three years she served at the hospital on Malta, during some of its worst blitzes. She has been awarded the Royal Red Cross for her splendid war service in Malta, Cairo, Dieppe, Germany, Brussels, Normandy, and Britain. After war spent eight months looking after displaced persons in Europe. Belongs to Queen Alexandra's Imperial Nurses' Association. Is now senior sister at Suez.

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Wee Georgie Wood planning Fountain of Youth

WEE GEORGIE WOOD and Tivoli Theatre orchestrator, Dud Cantrell, taking down "Wee MacGregor" melody which Georgie hums, so Dud can arrange full musical score for orchestra. There were no copies of song available in Melbourne.

ENGLISH COMEDIAN Wee Georgie Wood takes "dim view" when his "mother" (Dolly Harmer) tells him she wants him to run errands. She has been his stage mother for nearly thirty years.

Little comedian will devote future to helping young people

By staff reporter MARY COLES

Pocket-edition English comedian Wee Georgie Wood, now back again at the Tivoli Theatre, Melbourne, after 22 years, endearing himself to a third generation of Australian fans, says he has a dual personality.

After spending a couple of hours with him I found there are so many facets to his make-up it would be more correct to say his personality was split in a dozen directions.

ON stage, of course, in his blue boiler suit he's an inquisitive youth just arriving at adolescence after a perplexing wartime boyhood.

But, when the show is over, his small, impeccably tailored figure, completely contained in an armchair, nevertheless again dominates the scene as an extraordinarily serious-minded Englishman—a deep thinker engrossed with the problems and heartaches of humanity, and extremely disdainful of the mischief he finds himself committing before the footlights.

"There are times when I feel I could strangle that boy," he confided coolly and impersonally, discussing "Wee Georgie," the little boy whose antics were responsible for the slang phrase "Is he any Wee Georgie Wood" ("Is he any good") on everybody's lips in the 'twenties, long before "Goodoh," "Okeydoke," "Whacko" swept into our conversation.

"You'll have to excuse me, I've been feeling quite upset all day," he explained rather testily.

"I always read 'The Times' with breakfast and do the crossword last thing at night.

"The airmail copies I ordered before leaving England haven't arrived yet, and I feel very lost.

"When a man reaches 50 he gets very put out when his usual habits are interrupted," Wee Georgie fretted.

In a flash I saw him as a rather touching London clubman. But the impression was only fleeting.

A stagedoor attendant passed. Georgie was hailing him as "Steve-Ouch," and picking up threads of their last conversation together twenty-one years ago.

This was Georgie . . . the good mixer . . . the man who never forgets the face of a friend.

A few minutes later he was touching on postwar hotel and restaurant service in Australia.

"That take-it-or-leave-it attitude is world-wide," he went on, "except in Switzerland.

"England will be right as soon as the youth of the nation starts believing in things again," Georgie went on philosophically.

He is passionately devoted to his homeland. It is his love for England which is compelling him to give up his own stage work when he returns, to concentrate on youth welfare work in England.

Elaborating plans for his Fountain of Youth scheme, he said he intends to organise teen-age artists in a touring concert party.

Playing all over Britain, profits will be spent in setting up youth centres for the encouragement of music, art, and self-expression in remote hamlets and large cities.

The Fountain of Youth Concert Party will absorb the most talented entertainers.

The first "centre" everywhere will be a "teen-agers only" soda fountain bar.

"Adults can forgather and talk things over in pubs. At present teen-agers have nowhere to meet but milk bars, which are not exclusive to their age group, and friendships they make in them are often undesirable," he explained.

Here was Georgie the psychologist and welfare worker in action.

He broke off there and showed himself as an elder statesman commenting on international relations and the big problems which impressed him most during war and postwar travel in Europe, the United States, and Middle East.

As he spoke he thoughtfully removed his glasses, tapping the palm of his left hand with them to emphasise his remarks.

Then the conversation switched round to his early life and his devotion to his mother.

He spoke of her death last December. His face had been wreathed in smiles, but suddenly he had to turn his head away and blink very hard.

It was because things weren't as financially comfortable for his mother as they might have been, that Georgie, as a youngster, wandered up to the manager of a beach pierrot troupe in England, and offered his services as a comedian.

He was six. Unimpressed, the manager said, "What could you do?"

"Let me go out on to the stage now and show you, sir," Georgie pleaded.

He won the round, and brought the house down with his "Comedy Act"—the soulful rendering of "Ring Down the Curtain," "Christmas Day in the Workhouse," and "The Dying Immigrant on his way to California."

He was put on the pay-roll at 2/6 a performance, and later graduated into pantomime and juvenile comedy work, impersonating famous artists of the day.

In 1909 he made a record-breaking tour of South Africa.

The only clouds in his heaven now were the outside whispers that "Wee Georgie's" career would be over when he grew up.

The fear of growing-up obsessed him. Every night for years he prayed he would confound the prophets and NOT GROW UP.

"It was not until I was in my late teens that I realised I wasn't going to have normal physique," he said.

"The realisation hit me very hard. It took me a long while to adjust myself to the tragedy of being little.

"I became almost a hermit. When thick-skinned acquaintances slapped me on the back and roared, 'Ha, ha, you haven't grown much,' I would find myself viciously retorting, 'At least I have grown physically more than you have mentally.'

"But after a time I broadened my interests and developed an appreciation of the compensations I had.

"After my last Australian visit in 1925 I returned to England burning with zeal to do something more for people than merely entertain them."

He certainly succeeded.

During the war Georgie entertained Allied troops in practically every theatre of war, but it was for the outstanding welfare work he performed off-stage that he won the O.B.E.

There's something atomic about Wee Georgie. His activities are endless.

In business he has proved himself a first-rate producer, presenting stage plays, John Steinbeck's "The Moon is Down," and "Susan and God."

Even when he is abroad he still writes a pithy gossip column for the well-known English variety paper, "The Performer."

But, analysing him later, when you've recovered from the surprise of meeting a little man—he's four feet nine inches—with such a huge personality, you realise his most outstanding characteristic is sincerity.

Britain's big freeze makes every citizen a hero again

Radioed by BILL STRUTTON of our London office

For some weeks all Britain has been grappling with a white-clad foe that came on feathery feet to lay a paralysing hand everywhere.

These incidents are taken from thousands of tales of Britain's new battle.

IN the Exmoor village of Challacombe, one of hundreds cut off by 20ft. snowdrifts, two doctors struggled on skis with panniered ponies carrying their black bags for six miles across the moor to a neighboring village to answer an urgent midwifery call.

The ponies bolted and lost the bags. The doctors found both after hours of searching round in drifts whipped by the blizzard, and finally arrived to help 17-year-old Mrs. Arthur Jenkins' baby into a very grim world.

* * *

A MAIDSTONE husband woke up to find his false teeth frozen in a cup of ice. Having no fire left, he took the cup to work with him, where he thawed out both himself and his usually impeccable smile.

A STRANGELY conscientious schoolboy dug his way with a shovel through three miles of snow to get to school in Selsted, Kent.

* * *

PEOPLE kept watch on Dungeness Beach to pounce on a seasonable delicacy, frozen conger eels, which, when they came to the water's surface for air, were killed by the frost.

* * *

FROM one of thousands of English villages cut off from the world by heavy snowfalls, Mrs. Davy Court, who runs the only store-cum-post-office-cum-newsagency, and owns the only telephone in the tiny Kent hamlet of Stallsfield, told me:

"All the food we have left is frost-bitten potatoes, on which the whole village has been living for days. We have been without mail and newspapers for a week.

"We had no bread, but the baker in the next village dug toward us and left a pile of loaves halfway at the roadside, and everybody, including the old folk, helped to dig out to it. We reached it this afternoon.

"But what we are worried about most is that we haven't been to church for three weeks, because it stands a mile outside the village.

"We miss the Sunday services. The rector is crippled, so he can't possibly visit us."

* * *

IN London a momentary thaw did not bring a respite, but instead, a colossal chaos of burating pipes as they unfroze. Plumbers forgot union rules and worked day and night answering calls in rotation.

A Streatham housewife, Mrs. Kathleen Anderson, said: "First of all, the pipes, though covered with protective sacking, froze, and we were without water.

"When the thaw started they burst in three places—one near the cistern near the loft, which flooded a bedroom ceiling and seeped down through it till the floor and carpets were sodden and almost awash. Another burst pipe, high in the dining-room wall, caused almost as much damage there.

"There were only five houses in our street where they didn't have to call on the council to turn off the water at the main, and we other housewives kept calling at their doors to fill our kettles and buckets.

"I made the trip four times daily to different neighbors for my water, and they remained patient and sweet throughout.

"Luckily, workmen doing blitz repairs to my house needed water to mix cement, and persuaded one of their plumber mates to fix our leaks.

"Now I'm happy to be able to repay the kindness of other housewives by letting them all troop in for water."

Dash to hospital

AUSTRALIANS newly arrived in London are feeling the cold more intensely than anyone. Many wives of the young doctors here to study for Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons complain of headaches, earaches, and neuralgia, caused by the cold.

Dr. Peter James, of Melbourne, whose wife Moira gave birth to a son some ten days ago, has more reason than most to remember Britain's freeze.

"Taxis I called up hung up as soon as they heard the addr ss, Beckenham, Kent," said Peter.

"I was frantic and on the point of calling out the fire brigade to take my wife to London Hospital when someone found a Good Samaritan who volunteered to brave the blizzards with his car."

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"The cup's lovely . . .
but I'd rather have the RINSO!"

A Winner Every Washday
RINSO'S THICKER, RICHER SUDS

Z.223.22

WORTH Reporting

WHEN price-pegging of shares was lifted recently, and 82-year-old Melbourne investor Mr. James Selby, of Sandringham, watched his 8000 A1 Consolidated gold shares soar from 12/6 to £5 each, his mail took a corresponding leap.

Letters have poured in from people anxious to share his fortune. They ranged from small requests for a few pounds to those for gifts of up to £1000.

Mr. Selby, however, points out that, wealthy as he appears, his windfall of £35,000 is a paper profit, as he is still holding the shares.

Besides, he'd like his correspondents to know he has other plans for his money.

He wants to make life happier for lepers and to assist the Royal Institute for the Blind in Victoria.

Lepers have had a good friend in Mr. Selby ever since, as a young man, he saw their distress in India.

His previous gifts to the Bunyoni Leper Station, Uganda, Africa, include providing 32 cottages on the station and the money to build a modern hospital.

From Malaya

TWELVE-YEAR-OLD Pat Williams, pupil of the Warwick Presbyterian Ladies' College, Queensland, stepped off a Hythe flying boat in Sydney recently after flying to Malaya for her holidays.

Pat's father, New Zealander Dr. Billy Williams, who was a prisoner of the Japanese, is back in Malaya as head of the Medical Department for the State of Negri Sembilan, with his headquarters in Seremban.

Her mother, who was Kathleen Lomas, of Warwick, is doing a good job since she went back to Malaya.

She accompanies the Travelling Dispensary on its rounds to native villages, distributing medicines, and treating minor cases.

A Malay driver, Indian hospital attendant and Indian hospital dresser, and Mrs. Williams staff the big white ambulance with its red crosses.

* * *

GRANDMOTHERS living in old people's homes in Britain are demanding an issue of cigarettes. Kent is the first county to consider the claim, and now all the elderly women in their charitable organisations will get the same ration as the men—20 a week.

New York stared

DOROTHY BARBER, a nurse from Yass, N.S.W., caused a mild sensation in New York recently when she cycled from the Pennsylvania station along 7th Avenue to 165th Street, where she is working in the Eye Institute at the Medical Centre. "Cars hooted, people cheered, and loungers whistled," she tells us in a letter. "Had I been Mr. Churchill himself I couldn't have attracted more attention."

Miss Barber left Australia in February, 1939, planning to spend six months in England, stayed seven years.

She recently left the staff of the Royal London Ophthalmic—Moorfields—Eye Hospital bound for home, but is stopping off in New York, where she has a temporary appointment at the Eye Institute.

The Medical Centre is so large, she says, that it looks a city of skyscrapers in itself, and on her first day landed 22 floors off her course!

THIS WEEK'S COVER

OUR cover this week is the first we have had painted by Arthur Boothroyd since his return to Australia after seven years' absence in London. Before he went to England he was an illustrator for The Australian Women's Weekly, and painted many of our covers, beginning with some of the earliest ones, 14 years ago.

He has settled down in Sydney again and is busy with portraits, murals, and book illustrations.

When Boothroyd was in London he had what he described as the "most perfect studio"; back in Sydney he has been lucky enough to find a charming garden-studio in the grounds of a big, old-fashioned house in Mosman.

The model for his cover painting is a typical Australian girl, and is one of his neighbors.

Lost and found

A SYDNEY woman went swimming the other day with some friends. When she changed back into her dress to return home, she left off her corset and wrapped it in her towel.

The friends, being in a hurry, were unable to drive her right to the door, but dropped her on the nearest corner.

Off she went, clutching her towel, and then she heard a whistle and a cry of "Hoy!" At first she didn't turn round, but the cries were so persistent that at last she did.

"Is this yours?" called a sailor, waving her corset in the air.

The lady said she would have liked to deny all knowledge of it, but good girdles being as rare as they are, there was nothing to do but say "Thank you" nicely to the grinning sailor.

Three Captains

CAPTAIN J. C. GREY, a Scotsman who for many years lived in Brisbane, is proud of the fact that his son completes three generations of men who pilot travellers round the world.

Captain Grey, a retired sea captain, used to bring steamships into Sydney and Brisbane from across the world. His father brought sailing ships to the same ports.

And now the son, Len Grey, a Qantas pilot, brings flying boats into the same ports. Captain Grey, who is 79, has just returned from Scotland by flying boat. He flew home last year, taking the ashes of his wife, who had wished to be buried in Scottish soil.

THE LITTLE SCOUTS

"C'mon, everybody! See Daredevil Dugan go over the falls in a barrel!"

Britain, not England

A 78-YEAR-OLD reader, Mrs. Emily Spence, of Punchbowl, N.S.W., has written to us protesting on behalf of the Scots, Irish, and Welsh against a reference to "Elizabeth of England" in a heading, and the fact that in a paragraph we said both the Princesses were born in London.

Mrs. Spence is quite right about Princess Margaret, who was born at Glamis Castle. As for the heading about Princess Elizabeth, we didn't mean it to be taken as confining her parents' sovereignty to England, or to give offence to anyone.

Mrs. Spence writes:

"Few seem to think or remember how this insulting of Irish, Scots, and Welsh has so far led to a divided Ireland, and was the cause of many valuable lives being lost during the last war.

"It is no honor to the Royal Family to confine their titles to a locality. England is not an island.

"Scotland is the only country in the world still unconquered, a small country, but in all wars, etc., contributing more (per population) than her share of men and money than any part of the Empire.

"This printing of England and English (and the same thing is done over the air) shows great ignorance, especially in this country where States are so jealous of one another that laws, railways, etc., are different. And for this reason I think we should respect the distinct races in the Homeland.

"Even this last awful carnage has been no lesson. Do you think that it is a reward for the brave men and women of the rest of the United Kingdom to hear only the South Britons credited?"

One of Mrs. Spence's sons fought in World War I, and another in the last war. She says: "They fought for our Empire, not for one part of it."

Animal Antics

"Gadzooks and Great Guns, Guinevere! My Gizzard is Girded! Cease Gaping and Giggling. Grasp my Gullet and Get me out of these G's!"

Believe it or not!

AN ex-serviceman and his wife, recently arrived in Melbourne from Adelaide, optimistically advertised for accommodation.

They frankly requested a moderately priced furnished flat for themselves and their three-months-old baby.

The advertisement was answered by a woman who had subdivided her home, and now they are comfortably installed.

She selected the trio because, she said, she never felt happy unless there was a baby about the house.

Her only condition was that she should have the first option of minding baby when the young couple wanted to go out.

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LEAVING ST. MICHAEL'S, Vaucluse, Robin Pagan with his bride, formerly Wendy Yates, who wears diamond pendant given by her father to her mother on her wedding day. Aquamarine brooches were groom's gift to bridesmaids.

FIRST NIGHTERS. Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Walton take business's holiday and attend tuneful operetta "Gay Rosalinda," at Theatre Royal. Mrs. Walton's dress is blue floral taffeta.

GARDENIAS FOR Mrs. Jack Minnett, formerly Carma Nathan, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Venour Nathan, of Haling Cottage, Burradoo, whose marriage at Church of St. Simon and St. Jude, Bowral, was most spectacular of week.

Intimate Gettings

FOR wedding of Carma Nathan to Jack Minnett, Church of St. Simon and St. Jude, Bowral, is decorated by working party of bride's friends, led by Mrs. Ivor Walker.

Color-scheme for whole wedding is primrose and white; white wall vases at end of each pew are filled with white, yellow-centred daisies; bridesmaids Annette Stogdale and Jacqueline Crookston carry informal arrangement of daisies tied with yellow, with primrose garden-party frocks and picture hats. Carma's own gown of coin-spotted French sheer is kept close secret until she dresses for ceremony. Ben Arnott, Snow Swift, Max Palmer, and Finlay Munro act as ushers at church.

• • •

CAE MARR comes back from six weeks' holiday at Newport in time to give farewell cocktail party at Roseville home to brother Ian before he leaves on world tour. Sister-in-law Mrs. Alan Marr is co-hostess and assists entertain large crowd of Ian's friends, many of whom come up from Palm Beach for the occasion. When in England, Ian will spend some time with Margaret and Jika Travers at Oxford.

• • •

BARRIER REEF holiday for the Ted Biddulphs, of Manly, who go by plane and stay at Daydream Island. Jaunt is joint celebration of Norma's coming out of hospital and Ted passing his final law exams last year.

• • •

MR. and Mrs. D. J. L. Steele, of "Wingary," Walcha, return from Sydney after wedding of only daughter, June, to Collin Baylisa. Lots of people come down to see couple married at St. Mark's, Darling Point, with reception at Usher's Hotel.

FRENCH HAT and long dress of pale pink marguisette are worn by Mrs. Joan Wright, widow of Pilot-Officer Harry Wright, when she marries Jack Davis at Temple Emanuel. Honeymoon at Palm Beach home of the Fred Mathews.

ON THE ARM of her groom, Captain Christopher Soames (Coldstream Guards), the former Mary Churchill leaves St. Margaret's, Westminster. Bride is youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill; groom only son of Captain Granville Soames and the Hon. Mrs. Rhys.

RESTAURANT FASHIONS. Mrs. Dulcie Jones and Mrs. Stuart Shierlaw lunch together at Valentine's. Stuart, out of Indian Army, leaves for civilian job in Singapore, where Rada will follow within month.

ALREADY large Canberra American colony is increased by recent arrival of Rita Baird, who was at Cairo with American Foreign Service, and Katherin McDonald, last stationed at Istanbul. Both girls are attached to United States Embassy.

• • •

BIG year for Elizabeth Robertson, of Point Piper, who starts physiotherapy course at Varsity and becomes member of Rose Bay Golf Club. Elizabeth, who is keen golfer and tennis player, leaves job in shipping office to begin studies.

COMMITTEE of the proposed Palm Beach Kindergarten are adding to funds which already amount to approximately £700 to build kindergarten for permanent residents of Palm Beach. Sixty children in area which includes Pittwater side of Palm Beach, and plan is to establish kindergarten, children's library, hall for dramatics—in fact, a children's community centre.

• • •

LECTURER in Veterinary Science at the McGarvie Smith Animal Husbandry Farm, Douglas Blood, married Marian Chaffey, daughter of the former N.S.W. Chief Secretary, the late Mr. F. A. Chaffey, and of Mrs. Chaffey, at Wesley College Chapel. Douglas is son of Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Blood, of Richmond. His bride is also on the staff at Sydney University.

• • •

LOTS of country people, after putting their school-age sons and daughters back to their lessons, are staying on in town for a summer holiday. Jess and Bob Sinclair, of Moongulla, Collarenebri, put Jan back at Ascham, and settle down at the Hotel Bondi for a spell of surf and sun.

• • •

TROUSSEAU shopping in town, Elsie (Terry) White, ex-A.W.A.S., tells me date has been set for marriage with Syd Heidtman, of Grenfell, late A.I.F. Terry is elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. White, of Milton, Syd son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Heidtman, of Grenfell, where couple will live after marriage. Terry plans an evening wedding at St. Philip's, Church Hill, on March 1.

Joyce

RANCLIFF RECEPTION. Norman Souter and his bride, the former Josephine Renshaw, with groomsman Dr. M. Renshaw (left) and matron-of-honor Mrs. Bill McLaughlin after ceremony at St. Canice's.

CONFETTI FOR PRETTY BRIDE. Bernard Loneragan, of Mudgee, leaves St. Mary's Cathedral after marriage with Cecily Cayzer. Bride is attended by sisters Dorothy and Marie Cayzer, with Mil Loneragan best man and Philip Cayzer groomsman. Honeymoon is spent in Tasmania.

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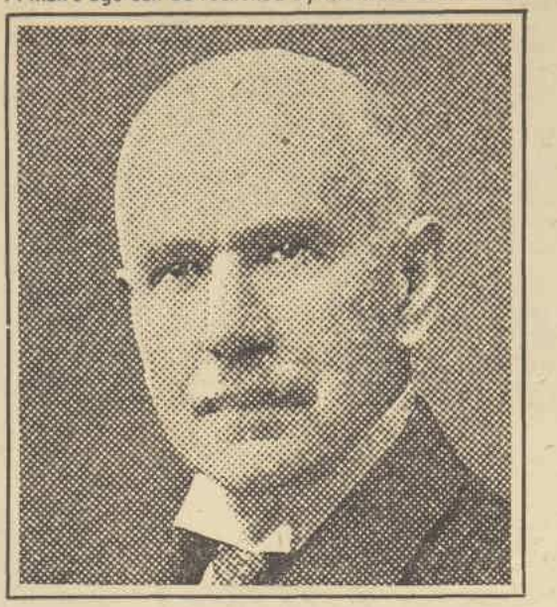
"A man's age can be reckoned by the state of his blood"



Here is a true life story—a human document describing how a man turned his life of failure and depression into one of achievement and happiness—a story that might well change your life, too!

He writes:— To British Medical Laboratories, Sydney.

Dear Sirs,—

As a business man myself, I usually place little reliance on printed testimonials of any nature, and personally I have never previously lent my own name for such a purpose, but, quite frankly, I have benefited so much by recent use of Menthoids that I feel I should let you know.

Prior to coming in contact with your great remedy, I had for the preceding 12 months commenced to go steadily downhill so far as energy, mental concentration and general health were concerned.

Business worries, plus advancing years, were no doubt responsible, but I had reached the point at which life was becoming intolerable. I could not concentrate on the simplest problem, I simply hated business and everything associated with it, and my mental and physical lassitude became a nightmare to me. I tried numerous tonics, medical prescriptions, etc., without relief, my condition became rapidly and alarmingly worse, I developed severe neuritis in my right shoulder and arm to the extent that, quite apart from the incessant maddening pain which kept me wide awake the greatest part of every night, the right shoulder joint itself became partially locked and I was unable to lift my arm above shoulder level.

That was my condition, racked with pain, utterly listless and depressed, with no energy and devoid of all confidence in myself or the future, when Menthoids was recommended to me by a friend. Within a week I felt a slight improvement; I carefully adhered to all instructions, and within three weeks even my business friends commented on my obvious improvement in health, while I myself rapidly began to regain my old-time vigour and activity.

To-day I feel 10 years younger; I am now eager to get to business in the morning; walking is a pleasure again; all my old energy and self-confidence are almost completely restored; more important still, my neuritis has completely disappeared and only a very slight stiffness remains in the right shoulder, although I have regained the full use of my right arm.

I feel confident now that, if I continue treatment with Menthoids for a further two months, I will completely clean up the whole trouble as I am sleeping better than I have done for many years, and good sleep is a great panacea.

I cannot speak too highly of Menthoids, and if any man or woman in this city is suffering as I suffered until two months ago I now unhesitatingly recommend them to commence taking Menthoids without delay.

Wishing the Menthoids treatment the success it so richly merits,

Yours truly,

A. D. Macpherson

Managing Director.

Dr. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

For the treatment of rheumatic aches and pains, kidney and bladder weaknesses, backache, sciatica, lumbago, dizziness, headaches, simple high blood pressure

Get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6 with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6 from your nearest chemist or store. If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address, and send to BRITISH MEDICAL LABORATORIES, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney, and your Menthoids will reach you by return mail. Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from us.

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

THE coming week is particularly fortunate for Cancerians, Scorpions, and Piscean if they exercise caution and try to avoid any loss, obstruction, or upset.

Star groups—Geminians, Sagittarians, and Virgoans—should discipline themselves, otherwise they will find trouble in the days ahead, and make changes which will be regretted later.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:—

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Avoid deceptions, losses, and partings. Feb. 26 (early) and 28 (evening) fair; Mar. 2, 3, and 4 difficult.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): General improvements now. Stress semi-important projects, changes on Feb. 26 (except after dusk), 27, 28 (evening); Mar. 2 (except midday) and 3 are helpful.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Live quietly now. Difficulties abound, and discord and adverse changes are likely. Feb. 26 and 27 poor; Feb. 28, Mar. 1 and 4 adverse. Routine best.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Keep busy. Fortune smiles on most Cancerians. Seek promotions, gains, and changes. Utilise Feb. 26 (noon), 27, 28, and Mar. 2 (except midday) and 3.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Unspectacular days for most Leonians, but some of you find confusion prevails if you are interested. Feb. 26, 27, 28 (dusk hours), and Mar. 4 (noon to dusk) poor.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Beware pitfalls of all kinds. Loss, unwise changes, discord, upsets, disappointments are all likely, especially on Feb. 26, 27, 28, and Mar. 1 and 4 (noon to dusk). Routine advised.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Slow down from recent activities, especially on Feb. 26, 28, and 27, Mar. 1, 2, 3, and 4. Patience and wisdom pay best.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Seek desired goals and changes this week. But move cautiously, for confusion prevails. Feb. 26 and 28 helpful, Mar. 2 (to 11 a.m.), and all 3 or 4 very good; but Feb. 26 and 27, and Mar. 4 (after dawn) poor.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Be wise and patient now. Discord, misunderstanding, changes, and contracts will be later regretted. Feb. 26, 27, and 28, and Mar. 1 or 4 can be difficult.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Be cautious on Feb. 25, and Mar. 2, 3, and 4. Feb. 26 (except after sunset) fair; 27 (to dusk) good, then tricky; 28 (dusk) poor. Balance fair.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Consolidate recent gains. Feb. 25 and Mar. 1 (except forenoon) fair. Feb. 28 (except dusk) good; Feb. 26, 27, and Mar. 4 poor.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Good fortune likely now but do not be rash, impatient. Feb. 26 (forenoon) fair; 27 (to dusk) good, then tricky; 28 and Mar. 1 poor; 2, 3, and 4 good.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

"It's probably a grain of sand."

Your Coupons

TEA: 1-12 (1-4 expire March 2).
SUGAR: 81-6 (remainder).
BUTTER: 7-8 (expire March 2).
MEAT: Black, 15-21; Green, 17-23 (expire March 2).
CLOTHING: 232-112 (expire June 30), 1-56 current.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are staying at a mountain resort. After using his magical tricks to entertain the guests, Mandrake is introduced by the hotel manager to an attractive girl named **MARSHA DALE:** Who intends to climb the north face of Glass Mountain. The hotel manager warns her that the mountain is guarded by a ghost bear which permits no one to reach the top. Marsha laughs at his story, and is told that six men climbed to the peak last year and were never seen again. The girl is not convinced, and goes off with a guide. Mandrake follows her climb through a telescope. **NOW READ ON:**

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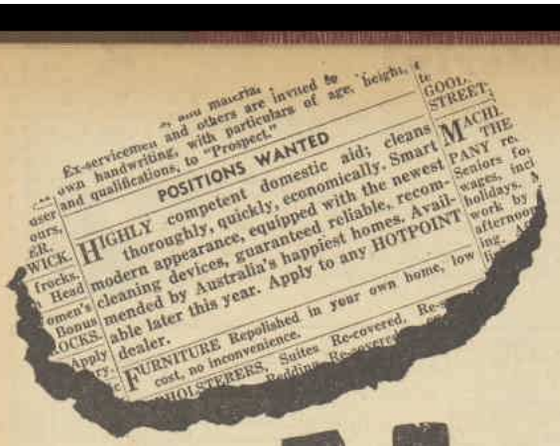

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Darling, How Wonderful

MR. BARSTEN was appalled, but he had to know the worst. "About me—and a certain young lady?" he elaborated.

Adam nodded, his face miserable.

So it was true! Mr. Barsten would not have believed it possible. "Who has been gossiping?" he asked dangerously.

Adam shook his head firmly. "I'm sorry, sir. I refuse to make trouble between you and people you know and trust."

Mr. Barsten looked at him in horror. "You mean, my friends are saying these things?"

"Sir, I didn't say that!" Adam protested hastily.

But Mr. Barsten knew what he had said. He lapsed into silence which was not broken again until they reached the plant, and Adam let him out at the main office building.

Ethel was at her desk in the outer office. He stood observing her for a moment before she realised his presence. She was a nice girl, and it made him furious to think people were talking about her.

Looking at her, anyone would know they were a pack of lies. She was pretty, but you could see she was not the sort to be taken advantage of by—what had his daughter called him? An old goat! She looked warm and friendly and eminently capable.

She looked up then and smiled, and he realised that Ethel's welcoming morning smile was one of the nicest things about the whole day. It might also be one of the things that caused gossip. It was a pity if a girl couldn't give her boss a nice smile without ruining her reputation.

"Good morning, Mr. Barsten!"

Why, she had never called him anything else except Mr. Barsten in all her life. That ought to show those scandalmongers!

He made up his mind suddenly what had to be done. He did not reach decisions easily so often, but when he made up his mind he was a man of instant action.

"Will you come into my office, Ethel?" he asked.

Ethel smiled and picked up her shorthand notebook. As she preceded him into his office he found himself reflecting that she really was a very attractive girl. He rebuked himself sternly for having such thoughts at such a time.

He sat at his desk, drumming with a pencil, trying to think how to start. Ethel did not interrupt his thoughts; she never did.

When he looked up she only smiled at him kindly, and he suddenly remembered something else Nancy had said—that Ethel was in love with him. The thought made him go hot all over, and he felt the blood rush into his face.

"Is something wrong, Mr. Barsten?" Ethel asked him.

"No. Oh, no!" he demurred hastily. "Ethel—well, there's something I'd like to ask you. Will you marry me?"

Ethel blinked twice and sat quite still. After a moment, she put her notebook on the desk and folded her hands in her lap.

"Why?" she asked then.

"Why?" Mr. Barsten floundered for a moment. "Because I want you to, of course!"

She looked at him thoughtfully. She had singularly clear eyes, and he had the uncomfortable feeling that they saw into the very depths of his soul.

"You must have made up your mind about it very suddenly," she said. "I'd like to know why."

Mr. Barsten squirmed. He said nothing. Ethel continued to sit with her hands folded in her lap, smiling faintly at him. Finally, there was nothing to do but to tell her the truth.

"People are gossiping about us. People are saying I'm an—an old goat, leading a young girl astray."

Ethel did not even look shocked. Her smile widened until it was nothing less than a grin, and she actually chuckled. Mr. Barsten sighed with relief. He had been a fool not to know all along that this was how she would take it.

"In the first place," Ethel said, "there's always gossip about a man and his secretary, especially if the man is attractive and the secretary unattached."

Mr. Barsten straightened and surreptitiously tried to brush his vest where Nancy had seen the ashes that morning.

"In the second place," Ethel said, "no one in his right mind would call you an old goat. You are not old, and a less goatish man it would be hard to imagine."

Mr. Barsten slumped. There was something about that last part that made him sound—well, lacking in initiative.

"In the third place," Ethel went on serenely, "I am not a 'young girl.' I am thirty-four years old, single, and perfectly capable of going astray or not as I please."

She picked up her notebook and left the office with her head held high and the color bright on her cheeks. Mr. Barsten stared after her in consternation. What had he done now? Because Ethel was angry. There was no doubt about it. Ethel was very angry about something.

Unfortunately he could not go after her, because the telephone rang, and for the rest of the morning he was forced to give more than half his mind to business. He hated business. He was a chemist who had been unfortunate enough to make discoveries in his field.

His wife's ambition had forced him to realise them and put him out of his laboratory and into an office. He knew quite well he would not have lasted in business for a week if it had not been for Ethel. She told him what to do and what not to do, what to sign and what not to sign.

Consequently, when she laid, without comment, a pile of papers on his desk before lunch, he started to sign them without even reading

Continued from page 3

them. He was shuffling them together when his mind suddenly comprehended something his eye had seen without registering.

The last paper he had signed was a note of resignation from one Ethel Convoy, secretary to the president, effective in two weeks.

Letting out a bellow of rage, Mr. Barsten tore out of the office, waving the treacherous document. He found Ethel at her desk, looking as poised and competent as ever.

"What's this?" he demanded, shaking the paper under her nose. "What in heaven's name is this?"

"Mercy me! Which is our key?"

She looked at it. "My resignation," she said.

"But, Ethel! Ethel—why?"

"The situation has become untenable," she said coldly.

"You know what you're doing? You're ruining me, that's all. You're ruining the business we built up together!"

Ethel shook her head. "Miss Jacobs, from Accounting, can be trained to do my job. I rather think," she added judiciously, "that she'll be better at it than I am."

It sounded settled and irrevocable. Mr. Barsten tried to imagine a life which Ethel was not running for him, which was being run by Miss Jacobs instead. A girl, he remembered, with glasses and cotton stockings.

"Ethel!" he said desperately. "Won't you think over what I suggested this morning?"

She raised her eyebrows in cool inquiry.

"Marry me. Just marry me, that's all."

For the second time that day the color flamed into her cheeks. But when she spoke her voice was level as ever.

"That won't be necessary, Mr. Barsten. I assure you, you'll find Miss Jacobs quite satisfactory."

She returned to her work, effectively dismissing him. Mr. Barsten stumbled back to his own office.

It was awful. Life without Ethel would be like life without his right arm. For twelve years she had been with him, unobtrusive but always there, sharing his worries and his joys. She was as much part of the business as he was himself.

He told himself that he was being silly; men had lost their secretaries before this, and had survived. And if Ethel said Miss Jacobs could do her work, she meant it. Miss Jacobs would probably make a millionaire of him before the year was out.

BUT what did that matter? Miss Jacobs was not Ethel. She would not have Ethel's smile. She would not move the way Ethel did, or have Ethel's voice, and her eyes would not twinkle and brim with laughter as Ethel's eyes did at the same things he thought funny.

Once again Mr. Barsten left his office. Ethel was not at her desk. Panic-stricken, he ran to the front door and miraculously found her just descending the steps.

"Ethel, where are you going?"

She looked politely surprised. "To lunch."

Mr. Barsten sighed with relief. "I thought—I was afraid—— Ethel, will you please marry me?"

Her eyes met his steadily. "To avoid scandal?"

"No," Mr. Barsten said.

"To avoid losing your secretary?" she asked again.

"I don't want a secretary. I want a wife."

"Why?"

"Because trying to think of life without you has made me realise how much you mean to me. Because—well, I think I must have been in love with you for a long, long time, only I was too much of a fool to realise it."

Ethel smiled then—her own special smile that started deep in her eyes and spread slowly until it just barely touched her lips.

"I'll marry you," she said.

. . . . . .

Adam Sanleigh drove them home that evening, Ethel and Mr. Barsten in the back of the car, their fingers locked together. Mr. Barsten did not even think of Nancy until they reached the house, and then his heart dropped suddenly.

There was nothing for it but to face it. Nancy would have to get over it. And if she said anything to hurt Ethel he would, personally, break her silly little neck.

Nancy was waiting for them in the hall. She looked at Mr. Barsten and Ethel clinging together, and at Adam Sanleigh standing behind them. She did not say anything.

Mr. Barsten cleared his throat. "Nancy—I want you to meet—Oh, hang it! Ethel—Ethel and I were married to-day."

Nancy squealed. She flung herself at Ethel.

"Darling, how wonderful!" she said, kissing her. "I'm so happy."

Mr. Barsten was still reeling when Nancy abandoned Ethel for Adam Sanleigh, who wrapped his long arms round her. Nancy burst into tears.

"Now, we can get married," she sobbed. "Now, he's got someone else to take care of him."

Sanleigh beamed foolishly and patted her.

"There, baby!" he said comfortingly. "There, there, baby!"

Mr. Barsten's bewilderment changed slowly to horrid suspicion. He disengaged his arm from Ethel's, giving her hand a comforting squeeze.

"Nancy," he said, "all that talk this morning—was it——"

She laughed shakily. "Daddy, I had to get you moving somehow. You'd have doddered on forever without realising you were in love with Ethel. And she wouldn't tell you herself."

Mr. Barsten took some deep breaths. He made himself count ten. He was a man who rarely got angry, but this was his own daughter, and she had tried to run not only his life, but Ethel's also.

"Nancy!" he roared. "I'm going to tell you——"

There was a hand on his arm suddenly—a cool, light hand that still managed to convey an unmistakable warning pressure. He turned to meet Ethel's gaze, steady and half-smiling.

"Nancy," she said, but she looked at Mr. Barsten, "your father was going to tell you how wonderful you've been, looking after him all these years. Weren't you, dear?"

Mr. Barsten had a feeling he was being managed. And then he had another feeling—that maybe being managed was not so bad, when the right person did the managing.

"Of course," he said. "That's just what I was going to say."

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What's on your mind?

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 5. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Plant bamboo to ease timber shortage

AS part of Australia's reparations from Japan, our Government might be able to get a million small, well-rooted culms (cuttings) of the bamboo Dendrocalamus giganteus. Because of the shortage of timber for house-building and paper-making, it would be well worth it.

This type of bamboo grows easily, and is highly resistant to borers. In Ceylon it has been known to grow 16 inches in a day, and has attained the record height of 120 feet.

This species is used for house-building, and has a higher breaking point than even mahogany, i.e., 52 against 22 thousand pounds per sq. inch.

The culms could be planted in our northern areas, and the resulting wood could be used for housing and paper manufacture. Just because the bamboo comes from the East there is no reason why we should not profit by it. Over there it has innumerable uses, and as Australia now grows rice, tobacco, cotton, and many other products which were not native to our country, why not introduce this type of bamboo, and see what a success it will become?

As it needs cultivation, it would never become a nuisance like the New Guinea type, so there can be no objections made on this score. So while we have the opportunity to solve some of our problems, let the Dendrocalamus giganteus be brought here to solve the most outstanding.

£1 to F. Scott, 6 Maxwell St., E. Malvern, Vic.

They must see the boss

AN amazing number of people think their business too important to be discussed with anyone except the head of a firm, but an employee in a responsible position must be able to cope with all but matters of personal advice in the absence of her boss, or she would not be there.

The most tactful inquiry about the nature of their business is resented by many people, which is absurd, because an employee of several years' standing handles confidential matters daily. Callers would save everyone's time, including their own, if they treated employees with more confidence.

5/- to Miss Stella Allan, 5 Albert St., Bendigo, Vic.

Stop the drips

CITY stores are now selling plastic, waterproof material.

This could be made into umbrella

covers, which could be sold to the public.

These covers could be easily slipped on and off our wet umbrellas.

On a wet day it is most uncomfortable to get into a crowded train or tram and have a sopping umbrella dragging round our legs. It is also extremely annoying to fellow passengers.

5/- to Sybil Kliese, McMaster St., Toombul NE3, Brisbane.

Proof of goodwill

DURING the war of 1914-1918 many Australian soldiers were quartered in Belgium. Some of them dwelt in my father's house. The boys and he had become good friends, but some months later the war was over and everyone came back to his own country.

For some months letters were exchanged between Australia and Belgium, but the correspondence, rendered too complicated by the difference of language, came to an end. However, they did not forget one another.

The too-real nightmare of 1940-1945 dashed over Europe and the world. Finally the glorious days of September, 1944, the date of liberation, arrived and postal intercourses were resumed.

Father anxiously wondered what had become of his friends, and asked me to translate a letter for them. To our great happiness an answer arrived from Mr. Leslie James, of Sydney, followed by several letters and magazines.

I wanted to make you and your readers know this story, because I think it is comforting. It proves that goodwill and friendship are still existing in a world torn by hate.

5/- to Jeanne Thiery, 77 Rue de Namur, Chatelet, Belgium, Europe.

Gadgets for southpaws

ALTHOUGH men design cooking utensils cleverly, they don't give a thought for left-handed housewives.

They design left-handed golf sticks and lacrosse sticks, so why can't we have left-handed potato-peelers and flour-sifters?

A left-handed man hates to be handicapped in sport, why, then, must a left-handed woman be handicapped in cooking and housewifely efficiency?

5/- to Miss A. Gubbins, 436 Morphett Rd., Warradale, S.A.

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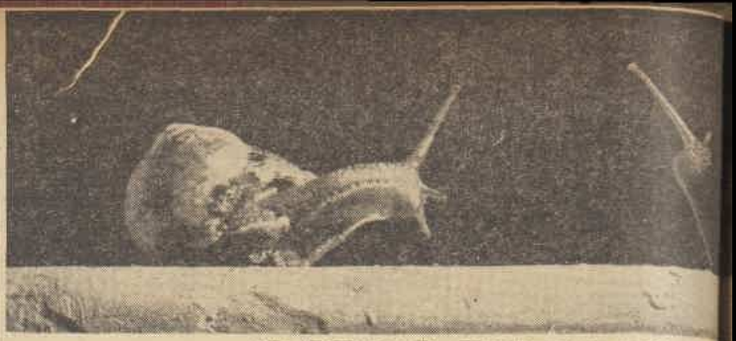
NIGHT HUNTING for the Prickly Snail, which has an affinity for trees in its quest for food



THE THREE GRACES. Three glamor types posed for their

SNAIL WATCHERS—

Students of these creatures say man can learn much from them

The British Snail-watching Society, founded in 1945 as an elaborate family joke by Peter Henniker Heaton, ex-Admiralty employee and poet, has fascinated all England, and even resulted in editorials in "The Times."

The Yattendon Conchological Group or British Snail-watching Society says that modern man, harassed by the tempo of life as it is lived to-day, can benefit much from the sober contemplation of the snail.

IT all started in Yattendon, a little town in Berkshire.

Peter J. Henniker Heaton and Mrs. Heaton chanced to be sauntering along and marvelled at a bank by the road, strewn with a veritable galaxy of snails—tiny snails, with pale, opalescent shells striped with chocolate.

Keyed up by this fascinating pastoral scene, the Heatons discussed it with their hosts.

The topic that evening was exclusively snails; mine host produced a quotation from Shakespeare: "Thou drone, thou snail, thou slug." The hostess, an expert embroidress, recalled the snail-trail stitch.

And thus was kindled the inspiration for the birth of the Yattendon Conchological Group, otherwise known as the British Snail-watching Society.

The society's motto is Semper Domi—"Always at Home." This, of course, refers to the fact that the snail, carrying its house on its back, is not a sufferer from the current housing shortage.

Already the society has 70 members, a book full of Press clippings, and correspondence from all over the world.

Its members write indignant letters to the Press protesting against such barbaric customs as eating snails, of which there are 40,000 varieties.

Best known are the small garden snails of the order stylommatophora, but the society lists with pride the Australian variety megalatractus proboscidiferus Lamarck, whose shell is in the mansion class, measuring two feet.

Membership is limited to those who can contribute original observations on snail life, or furnish such literary quotations as are not already on the society's file.

Members include barristers, businessmen, soldiers, [illegible] and housewives. [illegible] correspondence [illegible] world.

The snail may [illegible] Mr. Heaton point[illegible] countless refer[illegible] architecture, [illegible] ture.

Look at the [illegible] 58, for example [illegible] wicked, "As a [illegible] let him pass [illegible]

Shakespeare [illegible] literary use of the [illegible]

"The whining [illegible] satchel,
"And shining [illegible] ing like snail [illegible] school."

TO TEST the [illegible]

SNAIL RACE on a specially prepared racecourse of smooth paper. When crossing rough ground snails lay their own road of slime in front of them. "When you get used to snail-racing, horse racing is over too quickly," members say. A race may take several hours. Members staged a Snail Derby, which was won by Atom, with Airspeed second.

SNAIL-STITCH embroidery, based on snail trails, [illegible] Katherine Farmer with other needlework specimens, [illegible] an official Mistress of the Snail Trail.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4778478

...graph by members of the British Snail-watching Society.

...ritain enjoys the joke

...ft, if any, of music on snails. Mercedes Bolger plays the cello and J. Cocks the piano, ...hile other society members watch for any reactions among the snails.

HOURS of close study of snails and their habits is made through a magnifying glass by secretary ...of the society, Mr. Peter J. Henniker Heaton, who thinks snails should make film debut.

...musicians, ...ney receives ...rts of the ...ignificant, ...there are ...it in art, ...and litera-

...ve of Psalm ...ring to the ...which, mitteth.

...aware of the ...snail, too.

...ley, with his ...face, creep-, ...willingly to

A linguistic member, lured by the term, "Schneckenhauser," found in Goethe's Faust: "Jetzt sind es nichts als leere Schneckenhauser." This high-sounding phrase is a somewhat sombre pronouncement: "They are but empty snail-shells now."

Once formed, the society proceeded at a most unsnail-like pace, and membership has become highly coveted.

There is a president, and Mrs. Heaton is Mistress of the Snail Trail.

To stimulate interest among the younger generation, the Heatons' daughter was nominated Adviser on Crawling.

Not being very far advanced from the crawling stage herself, it was thought that there would be a greater affinity between the young lady and the snail.

Referring to the society's favorite relaxation, snail-racing, Mr. Heaton says, "When you are used to snail-racing, horse-racing is over too quickly."

Mr. Heaton claims the snail to have solved at least three of man's problems.

- It carries its house on its back.
- It makes its own roads by glandular excretion.
- It takes its time.

Also there need be no declining birthrate among snails—it can alter its sex at will.

For the first year of the common snail's life it is male, but subsequently it suffers a coquettish turn of mind and turns female.

If you are not sold yet, kindly note that certain worthies consider snails stewed in milk a sure cure for chest complaints.

Mr. Heaton's colleagues found that snail-shells were discovered among food remains in the Bronze Age, about 1800 B.C. Indeed, the Romans used to lick their chops over a tasty portion of Helix Pomatia, a variety of snail they imported.

This had no connection with any boycott. They simply found the local variety inedible.

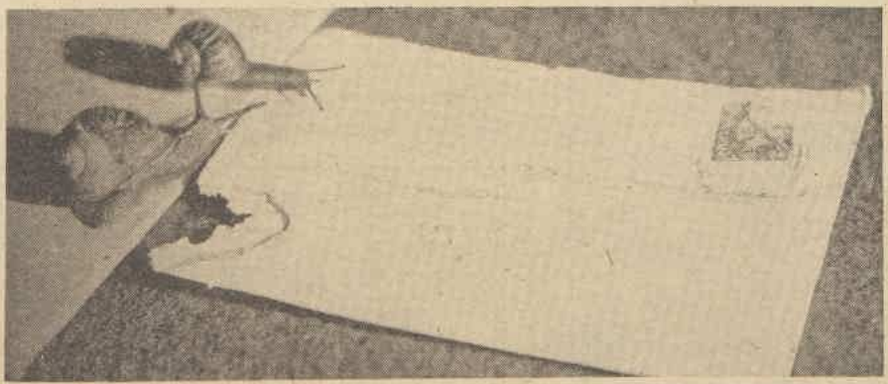
Recently, a letter came in from a party in Cornwall, who had too many snails, and offered them to the society.

This crossed with correspondence requesting a shipment of snails as poultry feed.

With agile wisdom, Mr. Henniker Heaton introduced the correspondents. A member heard of this, and, shocked, asked: "Isn't it cruel?" Mr. Heaton thought this over: "Not if you slaughter the snails humanely first." His questioner appeared unconvinced, whereupon Mr. Heaton admonished: "One must keep in touch with the times, you know."

Mr. Heaton is wondering how soon the snail will make its film debut. He considers it an ideal subject for Disney-type films, and will do everything in his power to assist any interested producer.

"And besides," he points out, "look at what Mickey Mouse has done for mice."



...ported by ...ociety has

ENVELOPE attacked by snails at a time when all Snail Watchers were on the lookout for snail data. They regard it as highly co-operative of the snails. Envelope was sent in by postmaster at Watchet, Dorset, who believed "a regiment of snails attacked the letter, judging from the damage done."

DO SNAILS LIKE any particular color? Watchers say snails attack mail because they are attracted by Britain's red mail-boxes. Watchers study reaction of snails on various colors.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4778479

One, Two, Buckle My Shoe

POIROT eyed the young man thoughtfully a moment, then asked: "Where did you go when you went so abruptly out of the waiting-room?"

"Left the house, of course."

"Ah!" Poirot looked up at the ceiling. "But nobody saw you leave, Mr. Raikes."

"Does that matter?"

"It might. Somebody died in that house not long afterwards, remember."

Raikes said carelessly, "Oh, you mean the dentist fellow."

"Yes, I mean the dentist fellow." Poirot's tone was hard.

Raikes stared.

"You trying to pin that on me? Is that the game? Well, you can't do it. I've just read the account of the inquest yesterday. The poor devil shot himself because he'd made a mistake with a local anaesthetic and one of his patients died."

Poirot went on unmoved: "Can you prove that you left the house when you say you did? Is there anyone who can say definitely where you were between twelve and one?"

The other's eyes narrowed.

"So you are trying to pin it on me? I suppose Blunt put you up to this?"

Poirot sighed.

"You will pardon me, but it seems an obsession with you—this persistent harping on Mr. Alistair Blunt. I am not employed by him, I never have been employed by him. I am concerned, not with his safety, but with the death of a man who did good work in his chosen profession."

Raikes shook his head.

"Sorry," he said, "I don't believe you. You're Blunt's private dick all right." His face darkened. "But you can't save him, you know. He's got to go—he and everything he stands for! There's got to be a new deal—the old corrupt system of finance has got to go." He leaned forward, his eyes glinting.

"I've nothing against Blunt personally—but he's the type of man I hate. He's mediocre—he's smug. He's the sort you can't move unless you use dynamite."

His voice rose fanatically. "You've got a lot of them here in England—crusted old diehards—useless worn-out symbols of a decayed era. And they've got to go! There's got to be a new world. Do you get me—a new world, see?"

Poirot sighed and rose.

"I see, Mr. Raikes, that you are an idealist," he said.

"What if I am?"

"Too much of an idealist to care about the death of a dentist."

Mr. Raikes said scornfully, "What does the death of one miserable dentist matter?"

"It does not matter to you," Poirot said. "It matters to me. That is the difference between us."

He took his departure, arriving home to be informed by his valet George that "a lady" was waiting to see him.

Since the lady had given no name Poirot was at liberty to guess. He guessed wrongly, for the young woman who rose agitatedly from the sofa as he entered was the late Mr. Morley's secretary, Miss Gladys Nevill.

"Oh dear, M. Poirot. I am so sorry to worry you like this—and really I don't know how I had the courage to come—I'm afraid you'll think it very bold of me—and I'm sure I don't want to take up your time—I know what time means to a busy professional man—but really I have been so unhappy—only I dare say you will think it all a waste of time——"

Profiting by a long experience of the English people, Poirot suggested a cup of tea. Miss Nevill's reaction was all that could be hoped for.

"Well, really, M. Poirot, that's very

Continued from page 4

kind of you. Not that it's so very long since breakfast, but one can always do with a cup of tea, can't one?"

Poirot, who could always do without one, assented mendaciously. George was instructed to this effect, and in a miraculously short time Poirot and his visitor faced each other across a tea-tray.

"I must apologise to you," said Miss Nevill, regaining her usual aplomb under the influence of the beverage, "but as a matter of fact the inquest yesterday upset me a good deal."

"I'm sure it must have done," said Poirot kindly.

"There was no question of my giving evidence, or anything like that. But I felt somebody ought to go with Miss Morley. A woman, I mean."

"That was very kind of you," said Poirot encouragingly.

"Oh no, I just felt I had to. You see, I have worked for Mr. Morley for quite a number of years now—and the whole thing was a great shock to me—and, of course, the inquest made it worse——"

"I'm afraid it must have done."

Miss Nevill leaned forward earnestly.

"But it's all wrong, M. Poirot. It really is all wrong."

"What is wrong, Mademoiselle?"

"Well, it just couldn't have happened—not the way they make out—giving a patient an overdose in injecting the gum, I mean."

"You think not."

"I'm sure about it. Occasionally patients do suffer ill-effects, but that is because they are physiologically unfit subjects—their heart action isn't normal. But I'm sure that an overdose is a very rare thing. You see, practitioners get so into the habit of giving the regulation amount that it is absolutely mechanical—they'd give the right dose automatically."

Poirot nodded approvingly.

"That is what I thought myself, yes."

"It's so standardised, you see. It's not like a chemist who is making up different amounts the whole time, or a doctor who writes a great many different prescriptions."

"You did not ask to be allowed to make these observations in the Coroner's Court?" Poirot asked.

"No. I was afraid of making things worse. Of course I know that Mr. Morley wouldn't do such a thing—but it might make people think that he—that he had done it deliberately."

Poirot nodded.

"That's why I came to you, M. Poirot. Because with you it—it wouldn't be official in any way. But I do think somebody ought to know how—how unconvincing the whole thing is!"

"Nobody wants to know," said Poirot.

She stared at him, puzzled.

Poirot said: "I should like to know a little more about that telegram you received, summoning you away that day."

"Honestly, I don't know what to think about that, M. Poirot. It does seem so queer. You see, it must have been sent by someone who knew all about me—and Aunt—where she lived and everything."

"You have no ideas yourself on the subject?"

The girl hesitated. She said slowly: "Just at first, when I realised that Mr. Morley had shot himself, I wondered if he could possibly have sent it."

"You mean, out of consideration for you, to get you out of the way?"

The girl nodded.

"But that really seemed a fantastic idea, even if he had got the idea of suicide in his mind that morning. It's really very odd, Frank—my friend, you know—was quite absurd at first about it."

"He was upset, was he not, to find you had gone away that day?"

"Yes, you see he came round to tell me he had got a new job—a marvellous job. And he couldn't wait. And I think he wanted Mr. Morley to know, too, because he'd been very hurt at the way Mr. Morley didn't appreciate him, and he suspected Mr. Morley of trying to influence me against him."

"Which was true, was it not?"

"Well, yes, it was, in a way! Of course, Frank hasn't been, perhaps, what most people would call very steady. But it will be different now."

Poirot said thoughtfully: "I should like to meet this friend of yours."

"I'd love to have you meet him, M. Poirot. But just at present Sunday is his only free day. He's away in the country all the week, you see."

"Ah, on the new job. What is the job, by the way?"

"Well, I don't exactly know, M. Poirot. Something in the secretarial line, I imagine. Or some government department. I know I have to send letters to Frank's London address and they get forwarded."

"That is a little odd, is it not?"

"Well, I thought so—but Frank says it is often done nowadays."

Poirot looked at her for a moment or two without speaking. Then he said deliberately: "To-morrow is Sunday, is it not? Perhaps you would both give me the pleasure of lunching with me—at Logan's Corner House? I should like to discuss this sad business with you both."

"Well—thank you, M. Poirot. I—yes, I'm sure we'd like to lunch with you very much."

FRANK CARTER was a fair young man of medium height. His appearance was cheaply smart. His eyes were set close together and they had a habit of shifting uneasily from side to side. He talked readily and fluently, but was inclined to be suspicious and slightly hostile.

"I'd no idea we were to have the pleasure of lunching with you, M. Poirot. Gladys didn't tell me anything about it."

He shot her a rather annoyed glance as he spoke.

"It was only arranged yesterday," said Poirot, smiling. "Miss Nevill is very upset by the circumstances of Mr. Morley's death and I wondered if we put our heads together——"

Frank Carter interrupted him rudely.

"Morley's death? I'm sick of Morley's death! Why can't you forget him, Gladys? There wasn't anything so wonderful about him that I can see."

"Oh, Frank, I don't think you ought to say that. Why, he left me a hundred pounds. I got the letter about it last night."

"That's all right," admitted Frank grudgingly. "But after all, why shouldn't he? He worked you like a nigger—and who pocketed all the fat fees? Why, he did!"

"Well, of course he did—he paid me a very good salary."

"Not according to my ideas! You're too humble altogether, Gladys, my girl. You let yourself be put upon, you know. I sized Morley up all right. You know as well as I do that he tried his best to get you to give me the chuck."

"He didn't understand."

"He understood all right. The man's dead now—otherwise I can tell you I'd have given him a piece of my mind."

"You actually came round to do so on the morning of his death, did you not?" Hercule Poirot inquired gently.

Frank Carter said angrily: "Who's been saying so?"

"You did come round, did you not?"

"What if I did? I wanted to see Miss Nevill here."

"But they told you she was away."

"Yes, and that made me pretty suspicious, I can tell you. I told that red-headed oaf I'd wait and see Morley myself. This business of putting Gladys against me had gone on long enough. I meant to tell Morley that instead of being a poor unemployed rotter, I'd landed a good job and that it was about time Gladys handed in her notice and thought about her wedding dress.

"But you did not actually tell him so?"

"No, I got tired of waiting in that dingy mausoleum. I went away."

"What time did you leave?"

"I can't remember."

"What time did you arrive then?"

"I don't know. Soon after twelve, I should imagine."

"And you stayed half an hour—or longer—or less than half an hour?"

"I don't know, I tell you. I'm not the sort of chap who's always looking at a clock."

"Was there anyone in the waiting-room while you were there?"

"There was an oily fat bloke when I went in, but he wasn't there long. After that I was alone."

"Then you must have left before half-past twelve—for at that time a lady arrived."

"Dare say I did. The place got on my nerves as I tell you."

Poirot eyed him thoughtfully. The bluster was uneasy—it did not ring quite true. And yet that might be explained by mere nervousness.

Please turn to page 23

"BE BEAUTIFUL"

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"Helene" is cut in a fibre spun in colors of navy, brown, marine-blue or teal-blue. Each color has fine white pin-stripe.

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N.B.: When ordering "Helene," please make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.

● *PLEASE NOTE! To ensure the prompt despatch of orders by post you should: ★ Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE in BLOCK LETTERS. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. ★ State size required. ★ For children state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on this page. ★ C.O.D. orders are not accepted.*

Fashion PATTERNS

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★ ★ ★

F4570.—A neater little frock was never designed for you to trip into town on day-long excursions. A "must" for days cool to warm. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds., 54in. wide. Pattern 1/8.

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The pattern for making these scanties is clearly traced and ready to embroider on a good quality rayon crepe-de-chine. They come ready to cut out and sew together in colors of pale pink, sky-blue, Nile-green, and chalk-white. The lace is not supplied. Sizes 36 to 38in. hips, 9/6 (2 coupons), 40 to 42in. hips, 10/11 (2 coupons). Postage 6½d. extra.

828

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829

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One, Two, Buckle My Shoe

POIROT'S manner was simple and friendly as he said: "Miss Nevill tells me that you have been very fortunate and have found a very good job indeed."

"The pay's good. Shows I can pull it off when I set my mind to it."

"Yes, indeed. And the work is not too arduous?"

"Not too bad," Carter said shortly.

"And interesting?"

"Oh yes, quite interesting. Talking of jobs, I've always been interested to know how you private detectives go about things? I suppose there's not much of the Sherlock Holmes touch really, mostly divorce nowadays?"

"I do not concern myself with divorce."

"Really? Then I don't see how you live?"

"I manage, my friend. I manage."

"But you're right at the top of the tree, aren't you, M. Poirot?" put in Gladys Nevill.

Poirot smiled upon her.

"You flatter me," he said.

He left them soon after that, and walked home through the deserted streets in a thoughtful frame of mind. When he got in, he rang up Japp.

"Forgive my troubling you, my friend, but did you ever do anything in the matter of tracing that telegram that was sent to Gladys Nevill?"

"Still harping on the subject? Yes, we did, as a matter of fact. There was a telegram and—rather clever—the aunt lives at Richbourne in Somerset. The telegram was handed in at Richbarn—you know, the London suburb."

"That was clever—yes, that was clever," Poirot said appreciatively. "If the recipient happened to glance at where the telegram was handed in, the word would look sufficiently like Richbourne to carry conviction. Do you know what I think, Japp?"

"Well?"

"There are signs of brains in this business."

"Hercule Poirot wants it to be murder, so it's got to be murder."

"How do you explain that telegram?"

"Coincidence. Someone was hoaxing the girl."

"Why should they?"

"Oh, my goodness, Poirot, why do people do things? Practical jokes, hoaxes. Misplaced sense of humor, that's all."

"And somebody felt like being funny just on the day that Morley was going to make a mistake over an injection."

"There may have been a certain amount of cause and effect. Because Miss Nevill was away, Morley was more rushed than usual and consequently was more likely to make a mistake."

"I am still not satisfied."

"I dare say—but don't you see where your view is leading you? If anybody got Ia Nevill out of the way, it was probably Morley himself. Making his killing of Amberiotis deliberate and not an accident."

Poirot said: "Amberiotis might have been killed some other way."

"Not he. Nobody came to see him at the Savoy. He lunched up in his room. And the doctors say the stuff was definitely injected, not taken by mouth—it wasn't in the stomach. So there you are. It's a clear case."

"That is what we are meant to think."

"The A.C. is satisfied, anyway."

"And he is satisfied with the disappearing lady?"

"The Case of the Vanishing Seal? No, I can tell you, we're still working on that. That woman's got to be somewhere. You just can't walk out into the street and disappear."

"She seems to have done so."

"For the moment. But she must be somewhere, alive or dead, and I don't think she is dead."

"Why not?"

"Because we'd have found her body by now."

"Oh, my Japp, do bodies always come to light so soon?"

"I suppose you're hinting that she's been murdered now?"

"After all, my friend, you do have missing persons who are not found."

"Very seldom, old boy. Lots of women disappear, yes, but we usually find 'em, all right. Nine times out of ten they're somewhere with a man. But I don't think it could be that with our Mabel, do you?"

"One never knows," said Poirot cautiously.

"We'll find her all right. We're giving a description of her to the Press and we're roping in the B.B.C."

"Ah," said Poirot, "I fancy that may bring developments."

"Don't worry, old boy. We'll find your missing beauty for you—woollen underwear and all."

He rang off.

George entered the room with his usual noiseless tread. He set down on a little table a steaming pot of chocolate and some sweet biscuits.

"Will there be anything else, sir?"

"I am in great perplexity of mind, George."

"Indeed, sir? I am sorry to hear it."

Hercule Poirot poured himself out some chocolate and stirred his cup thoughtfully. George stood deferentially waiting, recognising the signs. There were moments when Hercule Poirot discussed his cases with his valet. He always said that he found George's comments singularly helpful.

"You are aware, no doubt, George, of the death of my dentist?"

"Mr. Morley, sir? Yes, sir. Very distressing, sir. He shot himself, I understand."

"That is the general understanding. If he did not shoot himself, he was murdered."

"Yes, sir."

"The question is, if he was murdered, who murdered him?"

"Quite so, sir."

"There are only a certain number of people, George, who could have murdered him. That is to say, the people who were actually in, or could have been in, the house at the time."

"Quite so, sir."

"Those people are: a cook and housemaid, amiable domestics and highly unlikely to do anything of the kind. A devoted sister, also highly unlikely, but who does inherit her brother's money such as it was—and one can never entirely neglect the financial aspect. An able and efficient partner—no motive known. A somewhat boneheaded page-boy addicted to cheap crime stories. And lastly, a Greek gentleman of somewhat doubtful antecedents."

George coughed.

"These foreigners, sir——"

"Exactly. I agree perfectly. The Greek gentleman is decidedly indicated. But, you see, George, the Greek gentleman also died, and apparently it was Mr. Morley who killed him—whether by intention or as the result of an unfortunate error we cannot be sure."

"It might be, sir, that they killed each other. I mean, sir, each gentleman had formed the idea of doing the other gentleman in, though, of course, each gentleman was unaware of the other gentleman's intention."

Hercule Poirot purred approvingly.

"Very ingenious, George. The dentist murders the unfortunate gentleman who sits in the chair, not realising that the said victim is at that moment meditating exactly at what moment to whip out his pistol. It could, of course, be so, but it seems to me, George, extremely unlikely. And we have not come to the end of our list yet."

Poirot nibbled a biscuit.

"There are still two other people who might possibly have been in the house at the given moment. Every patient, before Mr. Amberiotis, was actually seen to leave the house with

Continued from page 20

the exception of one—a young American gentleman. He left the waiting-room at about twenty minutes to twelve, but no one actually saw him leave the house. We must therefore count him as a possibility."

He took another nibble.

"The other possibility is a certain Mr. Frank Carter (not a patient), who came to the house at a little after twelve with the intention of seeing Mr. Morley. Nobody saw him leave, either. Those, my good George, are the facts. What do you think of them?"

"At what time was the murder committed, sir?"

"If the murder was committed by Mr. Amberiotis, it was committed at any time between twelve and five-and-twenty past. If by somebody else, it was committed after twenty-five minutes past twelve, as otherwise Mr. Amberiotis would have noticed the corpse."

George pondered.

"It strikes me, sir——"

"Yes, George?"

"You will have to find another dentist to attend to your teeth in future, sir."

"You surpass yourself, George!" Poirot said. "That aspect of the matter had not occurred to me!"

Looking gratified, George left the room.

Hercule Poirot remained sipping his chocolate and going over the facts he had just outlined. He felt satisfied that they were as he had stated them. Within that circle of persons was the hand that had actually done the deed—no matter whose the inspiration had been.

Then his eyebrows shot up as he realised that the list was incomplete. He had left out one name.

There had been one other person in the house at the time of the murder.

He wrote down: "Mr. Barnes."

. . . . . .

"A lady to speak to you on the telephone, sir," George announced.

A week ago, Poirot had guessed wrongly the identity of a visitor. This time his guess was right. He recognised the voice at once.

"This is Jane Olivera—Mr. Alistair Blunt's niece."

"Yes, Miss Olivera."

"Could you come to the Gothic House, please? There is something I feel you ought to know."

"Certainly. What time would be convenient?"

"At six-thirty, please."

"I will be there."

"I—I hope I am not interrupting your work?"

"Not at all. I was expecting you to call me."

He put down the receiver quickly. He moved away from it smiling. He wondered what excuse Jane Olivera had found for summoning him.

On arrival at the Gothic House he was shown straight into the big library overlooking the river. Alistair Blunt was sitting at the writing-table playing absentmindedly with a paper-knife. He had the slightly harassed look of a man whose womenfolk have been too much for him.

Jane Olivera was standing by the mantelpiece. A plump, middle-aged woman was speaking fretfully as Poirot entered—"and I really think my feelings should be considered in the matter, Alistair."

"Yes, Julia, of course."

Alistair Blunt spoke soothingly as he rose to greet Poirot.

"And if you're going to talk horrors I shall leave the room," added the good lady.

"I should, mother," said Jane Olivera.

Mrs. Olivera swept from the room without condescending to take any notice of Poirot.

"It's very good of you to come, M. Poirot," Alistair Blunt said. "You've met Miss Olivera, I think? It was she who sent for you——"

"It's about this missing woman that the papers are full of," Jane said abruptly. "Miss Something Seale."

"Sainsbury Seale? Yes?"

"It's such a pompous name, that's why I remember. Shall I tell him, or will you, Uncle Alistair?"

"My dear, it's your story."

Jane turned once more to Poirot.

"It mayn't be important in the least—but I thought you ought to know."

"Yes?"

"It was the last time Uncle Alistair went to the dentist's—I don't mean the other day—I mean about three months ago. I went with him in the car, and it was to take me on to some friends in Regent's Park and come back for him. We stopped at Mr. Morley's building, and Uncle got out, and just as he did a woman came out—a middle-aged woman with fussy hair and rather arty clothes. She made a bee-line for Uncle." Jane Olivera's voice rose to an affected squeak: "'Oh, Mr. Blunt,' she said, 'you don't remember me, I'm sure!' Well, of course, I could see by Uncle's face that he didn't remember her in the slightest——'

Alistair Blunt sighed.

"I never do. People are always saying it——"

"He put on his special face," went on Jane. "I know it well. Kind of polite and make-believe. It wouldn't deceive a baby. He said in a most unconvincing voice: 'Oh—er—of course.' The terrible woman went on: 'I was a great friend of your wife's, you know!'"

BLUNT smiled ruefully. "They usually say that, and it always ends the same way! A subscription to something or other. I got off this time with five pounds to a mission or something. Cheap!"

"Had she known your wife?"

"Well, her being interested in missions made me think that, if so, it would have been in India. We were there about ten years ago. But, of course, she couldn't have been a great friend or I'd have known about it. Probably met her once at a reception."

"I don't believe she'd ever met Aunt Rebecca at all," Jane Olivera said. "I think it was just an excuse to speak to you."

"Well, that's quite possible," Alistair Blunt said tolerantly.

Jane said: "I mean, I think it's queer the way she tried to scrape an acquaintance with you, Uncle."

Alistair Blunt said with the same tolerance: "She just wanted a subscription."

"She did not try to follow it up in any way?" Poirot asked.

Blunt shook his head.

"Well, I thought M. Poirot ought to be told!" Jane said a little unconvincingly.

"Thank you, Mademoiselle," Poirot said politely. He added: "I must not keep you, Mr. Blunt. You are a busy man."

"I'll come down with you," Jane said quickly.

Under his moustaches, Hercule Poirot smiled to himself.

On the ground floor, Jane paused abruptly.

"Come in here," she said.

They went into a small room off the hall. She turned to face him.

"What did you mean on the telephone when you said that you had been expecting me to call you?"

To be continued

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Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — FOR THE CHILDREN — by TIM

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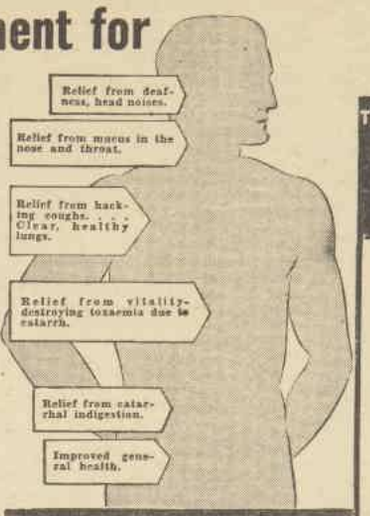
LANTIGEN "B" FOR CATARRH. LANTIGEN "B" FOR ANTRUM INFECTION. LANTIGEN "B" FOR BRONCHITIS

Life-long Sufferers Praise Immunisation Treatment!

Acclaimed Beneficial and Safe Treatment for

CATARRH

BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, ANTRUM & SINUS INFECTIONS, RECURRENT COLDS



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More than 150,000 people in Australia have been given relief by Lantigen "B" from the sneezing, coughing, choking and head noises, from the deafness, hawking, stuffed-up feeling which is Catarrh as we know it. If you are a sufferer you should know that, drop after drop after drop, catarrhal poisons infect your entire system, destroying the tissues and sapping your vitality. You can combat these poisons safely and effectively with Lantigen "B"—no injections—no operations—no pain—no danger—but a treatment that counteracts the effect of the germs causing these diseases. This positive relief is something that no sufferer can afford to miss. Think what it will mean to gain relief from choking, coughing, sniffing and gasping for breath. And in most cases relief can be obtained from the annoyance and humiliation of nose stoppages, mucus and phlegm, head noises, catarrhal deafness, bronchial asthma, bronchitis, antrum, sinus, and other respiratory tract infections.

Ask your chemist for Lantigen "B" to-day.

GUARANTEED NOT TO HARM THE HEART
Does not interfere with other treatments

CATARRH

Catarrh is caused by germs. Usually the first infection is due to the neglect of a simple cold. This becomes stubborn and protracted. The excretions which are dislodged by blowing the nose often fall back into the throat, infect the tonsils and result in acute laryngitis and inflammation. Lantigen "B", dissolved oral vaccine, offers an effective treatment for sufferers from catarrh. The distressing effects of the complaint are greatly reduced and replaced by a feeling of well-being. Lantigen "B" works well. It is a *dissolved* oral vaccine.

WHAT IS LANTIGEN?

Lantigen is not a patent medicine and is devoid of drugs altogether. Lantigen is a dissolved oral vaccine prepared to counteract the effect of the particular organisms which are peculiar to the diseases requiring treatment. Lantigen contains no live germs. The organisms from which it is produced are destroyed by dissolving them, thus releasing the antigens therein—the natural antidote.

IMPORTANT BRITISH MEDICAL DISCOVERY
MICRO-ORGANISMS DISSOLVED

In the case of chronic diseases such as catarrh, rheumatism and septic conditions, the poisons in the system use up or destroy most of the hydrotropins or dissolving substances in the body. Unless these dissolving substances are present in sufficient quantity the organisms in an ordinary vaccine cannot be brought into solution. Therefore the ordinary vaccine, whether taken by mouth or by injection, is rendered either partially or totally ineffective. The reason is that the antigenic fluid is not released from the bodies of the organisms—thus there results a failure to produce the necessary anti-bodies to destroy the germ poisons or to kill the germs. **Lantigen is an oral vaccine in a dissolved state and begins to operate and produce anti-bodies immediately it is taken.** It therefore gives increased natural anti-body resistance to disease. You would not develop catarrhal conditions if this "anti-body" resistance was strong enough to overcome them. Lantigen removes the cause of lowered resistance which saps your vitality and that is why it succeeds.

THESE PICTURES SHOW HOW LANTIGEN OPERATES

This simple explanation of the way in which Lantigen works will show you clearly how effective a treatment it is. Lantigen is a scientific treatment for many germ-borne disorders.

1. These are the villi—small sucker-like protuberances in the upper intestines—which have altogether an absorptive surface equal to a room 12 x 12 x 12 feet and which absorb Lantigen from the gastric fluids and carry it into the system.

2. This diagram shows one of the many dangerous germs that cause diseases.

3. These are illustrations of a white corpuscle stimulated by Lantigen engulfing and destroying infective germs for the purpose of their elimination from the system.

£1/1/- per bottle. The recommended treatment costs less than 3d. per day.

Lantigen 'B'

DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE

AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN

Writing in the "British Medical Journal," Dr. Cronin Lowe says: "In my experience the oral antigens, (or vaccines) have been mostly employed for cases of catarrhal infections, rheumatic conditions and catarrhal enterocolitis. Clinical response has been quite definitely marked."

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CANADIAN RELIEVED FROM BRONCHITIS

"I am writing to let you know what Lantigen 'B' has done for me. First, I am able to go to bed and sleep the whole night through without wakening around three o'clock choked up and getting no more rest the remainder of the night. It has been a God-send to me to learn of Lantigen 'B' and what it has done for me—it is worth its weight in gold—mine being very stubborn, severe attacks of Bronchial Asthma. I have just completed using one bottle."—(Signed) Mrs. May Braithwaite, 306a Bathol Street, Toronto, Ont.

Taken By Mouth—Acts Immediately

29 YEARS WITH BRONCHIAL CATARRH, NOW WELL

Miss S. Lane, of 12 Kable Street, Windsor, N.S.W., writes: "My mother has had Bronchial Catarrh for about 29 years, causing a continual scratching, tickling cough which in turn caused her eyes to run with tears and at times nearly choked her. She couldn't lay on her back or on her right side without being nearly choked with coughing and she daren't go where there was any cigarette smoke. Five weeks ago she decided to try Lantigen 'B' and she hasn't coughed since, and this is no idle statement."

★ *Do a good deed — cut out advertisement and send to a fellow sufferer.* ★

MARVELLOUS TREATMENT FOR CATARRH

Mr. E. McKee, of Glenlee Station, N.Z., writes: "I must say it is a most marvellous treatment for catarrh. After taking two and a half bottles I feel quite a new man altogether. Have lost all dull headaches and dull feelings and take quite an interest in life again."

BABY FREED FROM BRONCHITIS

"Before I heard of Lantigen 'B' I tried everything in the chemist's shop to ease my baby son of terrible attacks of bronchitis, but to no avail. Night after night he would do nothing else but cough, used to go to sleep for about five minutes and then start coughing and bringing up the mucus. This would go on until about three or three-thirty in the morning, and then he would doze off to sleep and sleep until about ten o'clock, but all day long he would be heavy in the eyes and cranky through lack of undisturbed rest. My son has had three bottles of Lantigen, and from the first week of giving it to him he has been a different boy, no wheeze, no cough, only good rest every night. I only hope that the mothers and fathers who have young or grown-up children who suffer from bronchitis get to know just how really good your Lantigen 'B' is."—Mr. J. Kerr, Melville Terrace, Manly, Qld.

Ask Your Chemist For Lantigen "B" To-day

★

Product of Edinburgh Laboratories, Sydney.

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Produced by fully qualified Bacteriologists working under the supervision of an eminent physician.

Treats First—Then Immunises

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LANTIGEN "B" FOR BRONCHIAL ASTHMA. LANTIGEN "B" FOR CATARRHAL COLDS. LANTIGEN "B" FOR ANTRUM INFECTIONS.

LANTIGEN "B" FOR BRONCHITIS. LANTIGEN "B" FOR CATARRHAL COLDS

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Continuing . . . Meeting at Night

from page 5

RAYMOND said quickly: "Anyhow, that's another point. This youngster got on a ship. Well, Katrine, for a young man already in love, with every emotion at fever pitch, to get on an ocean liner . . . it was just like sitting down on a keg of dynamite and putting a match to the fuse."

"Yes?"

"Yes! Because this boy met a woman on that ship . . . a girl who knew all the answers. He made a fool of himself. Then felt he'd cut himself off forever from the golden girl he'd left behind. It altered his whole view of himself and the world. In other words, his idealism was shattered."

"But even so, he could have explained, have answered her letters."

"No, he couldn't, not he. He was too sunk in suffering."

She gave a dry little laugh. "Don't dramatise it, please. He was quite happy. He married his shipboard love, I believe?"

"She married him. That was the pay-off. It didn't last long, fortunately. After the divorce he settled right down to the business of getting himself a career and some cash."

"And succeeded?"

"Yes. He made what you might call over here an almost vulgar amount of money."

They came to the end of the walk, stood a moment looking out across the dreaming landscape and turned and walked back.

He said: "Well, that's all about him. Now what about her—that girl of twenty years ago?"

"Does it matter now? It's all so completely, so finally over. Why should you have any curiosity about what happened after you left?"

He stopped her. "Me? Don't you mean that poor boy we were talking about?"

She nodded. "Yes, that poor boy and Katrine Fanning. It's hard to believe now that she really minded so much and felt all that—first the pain of his going away, the hope of hearing from him, then the half hope, the waiting for letters . . . And at last being forced to admit that someone she'd loved and believed in could be like that!"

Her voice stopped abruptly. He glanced down at her lovely small head, silver in the moonlight.

She said, after a pause, and her tone had changed: "And then came Charles and they were married."

"Not so long after, was it?"

"Oh no, quite soon."

"And she recovered?"

"That wasn't so soon. But if you're very unhappy and can't be truly yourself, there's quite a lot of compensation, of satisfaction, to be got out of not trying for personal happiness, but . . . but . . ." She paused, searching for words. "But simply trying to be one link in a long chain of fine people."

"Charles' people?"

"Yes. Hers, too, now. They were neighbors, friends. They had in common work, all the duties and responsibilities of a big place like this. Everything built up her life and made it worth while—perfect at last." The anger gone from her voice, it had a lyrical quality.

"So you see," she said, "why you must go away and not try to bring back all that old time. Don't try, please."

He stood still and looked up at the facade of the Georgian house, with its perfect proportions, its setting of gardens and parklands.

He said, "Yes, it's wonderfully satisfying, this place. So, as you were saying, she played at being happy and at last the play became real."

"Happy ever after. Because Charles was the best person, the best husband, the most lovable human being ever born. There's only one man ever for her."

"It's easy to see that. Not," he added quickly, "that I had the smallest notion of trying to take her from him. You didn't think that, did you?"

"No, no, of course not."

"I expect if the truth were really told it's just that once I was back in this country again I couldn't keep away from here."

"When did you get back?" she asked.

"Yesterday. For the past six years I've been all over this troubled little earth on special missions for the American Government, but I'm back in England at last for my own pleasure."

"Alone?"

"Yes. Who would I have with me?"

"No, I mean—I thought perhaps . . ."

"No, I didn't marry again. Nothing ever seemed to be just right for it."

They stood at the foot of the terrace steps with the sweet-scented silver air flowing round them. But they didn't go up the steps. They both paused as though something held them there, not able to go on or turn back, not able, certainly, to end finally what after all was really ended.

One hand lifting her long skirt from the step above, she looked up at the house, a long glance that seemed to challenge each lighted window to reproach her. A sigh, or almost a sigh, escaped her. Her beauty at that moment was oddly elusive. Even her personality seemed to have a shimmering quality as though new and troubled currents of feeling were breaking up and changing its familiar pattern.

She said at last, turning to him with a veiled half-smile: "Oh, well, there doesn't seem to be anything more to say, does there?"

"No, it seems not. That's about all, I guess."

"And so—I think I'd better go in."

"Yes, of course, you must go in. You've been very kind to listen to me for so long."

She put out her hand. "Good-bye, Raymond."

"Good-bye, Katrine." He took her hand. It lay in his lightly, while she looked at him, still hesitating, as though trying to resolve something she couldn't clear from her mind.

He saw the look of puzzlement and asked, "Is there something you want to ask me before you go?"

"No. Oh, no . . . I mean, there is something, but I don't know what. I suppose it's just the moonlight that makes me feel so—so different—makes such an unreal world and . . ."

"Makes me feel," he said, "that I've had a great number of glasses of vintage champagne."

She laughed. "Yes, I suppose that's what it does feel like."

"So being admittedly somewhat drunk, from one thing and another, I'm going to give myself the satisfaction of saying just one thing before you go. It's this: Katrine, how lovely you are!"

"Still?" she said. "Say still if you want to."

He laughed aloud, and she thought his laughter in the moonlit garden sounded wonderful and joyous.

"Still," he echoed. "As lovely as a dream."

"Don't, please." She shivered slightly as though caught in a sudden chill.

He said quickly, going close to her: "Forgive me, I didn't mean to—to upset you. I didn't think you'd mind."

"It's all right. I'm silly and emotional to-night. I can't think what it is. I'm just too silly."

"It's the moonlight," he said softly.

THEY made one move towards each other, one simultaneous movement, and without another word—no protest on her part or hesitation on his—she was in his arms, his mouth on hers for a long, lost, timeless moment.

At the end of that moment Katrine ran up the steps, over the terrace, through the open doorway, and into the drawing-room. She crossed the long room, blond hair and gown floating, and hurried towards the room's one occupant sitting by the reading-lamp.

She said breathlessly, "Mother . . . darling, I've got something to tell you."

The slim, pale woman lifted her head from her book. "Katrine, dear, what's the matter? You look so flushed and strange."

"Do I? Yes. Mother, Raymond Ople has come back. He's in the garden, he's just coming in."

She ran quickly out and upstairs as Raymond entered.

Stepping into the room he came forward. "Katrine. Katrine the First. I thought it was you for a minute under the trees. But only for a minute. I knew you couldn't nurse an injury done to yourself twenty years ago. But someone who loved you might, a daughter, for instance."

"I know," she laughed. "I told her my life story once. I'm afraid it made almost too much impression on her."

He said suddenly, seriously, "I was just wondering——" and paused.

"Yes, what?"

"I was wondering if any man could ever make her as happy as Charles has made you."

"I think so. Yes, Raymond, of course. Why don't you try?"

"I mean to," he said.

(Copyright)

Throw the Man Overboard

Continued from page 7

SUDDENLY subdued, the second bit his tip.

"Well, I've had no decent sight for twenty-eight hours; the course is one-thirty-five, sir. Glass is dropping and radio says we'll probably get a snifter in about twelve hours. The position is supposed to be a hundred miles off Strong's Reef."

Mr. Fergie scowled. "What d'you mean 'supposed to be'?"

"Well, that's the radio fix, but it seems one leg's not coming in so clear, though I'd say, according to my reckoning, that's about right."

Mr. Fergie looked at the chart and the log book, tapped the glass, and then went below to Captain Evans.

"Not so good," the captain greeted him. "Better get all battened down. Of course the problem is——"

"The carboys of acid," Mr. Fergie agreed. "Maybe we ought to jettison them now, just in case."

"I dunno. They're a special job, and I promised for the super I'd get 'em in if possible. Better hang on and just keep a watch standing to jerk 'em out if they start busting. But you told me Mac did a special job on stowing 'em."

"He did, sir. Practically wrapped 'em in cotton-wool. But you know what this crate can do when she starts rolling, and, from reports, we're getting this blow on the port beam."

Captain Evans scowled. "Well, if the carboys go and the acid really starts work the underwriters won't pay and we'll probably lose our tickets for improper stowage. But who'd have thought of a gale this time of the year?"

Mr. Fergie shrugged.

"Just unseasonable weather, sir. One of those things."

"Doesn't look so good," Mr. Fergie observed some six hours later. "It's going to get dirtier, too, the way the glass is droppting. And we're getting it abeam."

Captain Evans grunted. He was sprawled on the chartroom settee and reading the latest radio flimsy just handed him.

"Here's a report we're not only heading for a full gale, but it might turn out a hurricane. Of all the luck! Well, all we can do is ride it out!"

"She's already rolling pretty bad," the first mate rasped, bracing his legs against the deck lurch. "And the carboys of acid——"

Captain Evans scratched his stubble of beard and swore. "Well, let's put her before it and see how she acts. If she's too lively we'll jettison the acid."

Mr. Johnson knocked politely and came in, staggering a little as the deck took a sudden list to port.

"Just had a little trouble with the cargo in Number Four, sir," he said brightly. "I think it started to shift. Heard it banging around a bit anyway, and since I had the watch aft I lifted the hatch to find out, and sure enough the stuff was working, so I tommed it up . . . shored it good. It's O.K. now, sir."

Captain Evans was speechless. Mr. Fergie chewed on his pipe, and both men stared in fascination at the eager young third. It was Mr. Fergie who was able to speak first.

"Mr. Johnson," he rasped, "did you know that hatches should not be shifted without a superior officer's permission? That any such matter calls for a logbook report?"

"That's just what I came to make out, sir," said the third mate seriously. "The log. But you know, that banging around sounded as if it might be serious, and Brockley, in his 'Safe Stowage,' states that in any emergency a good officer must act at once, so——"

Captain Evans came to and choked, "Mr. Fergie, is it possible to disrate an officer for showing too much sense?"

Please turn to page 26

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Gibbs-Kids' Korner

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G 52.32

Throw the Man Overboard

Continued from page 25

SHAKING his head, the first mate said: "I've forgotten any marine law I ever had to learn, but I'd say offhand it should be . . . In the meantime, Mr. Johnson, I think all the signal flags need washing. Take 'em and get in your room and don't show up till they're cleaned!"

"But, sir, shifting cargo——"

Captain Evans groaned and lay back on the settee. "Johnson," he yelled, "that's an order. Take all these flags down and clean 'em."

Mr. Johnson did make one last protest, "But, sir, that's a job any ordinary seaman can do. I don't see——"

"We need our ordinary seamen, mister. They don't read."

Mr. Johnson reddened and went out.

The next day the Tralbo was really in trouble. She was taking seas over the poop every other dip, and Captain Evans and Mr. Fergie were practically praying over the carboys of acid in the forehold shelter deck.

"Well, we'll have to jettison," said Captain Evans at last. "Get some men forward and get the hatches off and jerk the stuff out."

Mr. Fergie stared at the foam-smothered foredeck. "But how can a watch work in that?" he muttered. "We're running before the weather and still taking enough over for'ard to sink a battleship. And we're taking over aft."

"Excuse me, sir," said the irrepressible Mr. Johnson. He came into the chartroom, or rather fell in, recovered and lurched against the first mate. "I think if you try easing the engines and setting pierced oil sacks out from each bow, that'll ease the seas coming astern and, in fact, ease everything, and we can get the acid overside."

"The kid's right," Mr. Fergie rasped. "We can try oil for'ard, which'll drift back and check the following seas aft, and give us time to jettison that load of acid murder we've got below."

He didn't wait for Captain Evans to approve of that, thereby himself breaking a fundamental rule, but went slanting out on the reeling deck to roar for the bos'n and the watch. Captain Evans just leaned on the chart table and stared at his third mate making notes for the log.

"Now, why," he demanded hoarsely of no one in particular, "does this have to come and tell me what I should have done twelve hours ago?"

Mr. Johnson finished his log notes and smiled brightly. Captain Evans noticed he had even shaved, and looked very well indeed.

"Well, I'll tell you, sir. There's an entry in 'Curren's Notes for Vessels in Possible Distress——' "

"Shut up!" said Captain Evans weakly. "I'm sick of you! Get out and show—I mean help Mr. Fergie get the oil bags over so we can ease her and dump the carboys!"

After a time Captain Evans could tell from the deck lift that the oil was smoothing the swells all right, and he muttered to himself, "To think a kid had to remind me."

Mr. Fergie came in, wiping spray off his face. "Well, I've got the men at work on the acid. She's keeping her foredeck pretty dry now. But we'd better heave her to, soon as we can. The weather's still making."

"Ask Mr. Johnson," the captain suggested. "Maybe he can stop it."

There was close to a full gale running when they brought the Trablo round to face it that night.

"If she wasn't light for'ard now, she'd be shipping water clear to the bridge," Captain Evans observed, ducking behind the bridge dodger as a spray slammed over. "Dumping the carboys was a help."

Mr. Fergie grunted and tightened his sou'wester strings, shuddering as a wall of water climbed up and ripped clear one of the starboard boats. At the rate things were going, there wouldn't be much left on deck by morning.

Just then Mr. Johnson appeared, ploughing on doggedly despite the breaking seas. Mr. Johnson ducked out of the chartroom. He collided with Captain Evans, almost knocking him down, caught the taffrail and steadied himself.

"Just talking to the chief, sir!" he panted excitedly. "Says he'll have to shut the engine down!"

"Stop the engine?" the captain choked incredulously. "He can't do that now! Why, in this weather—I'll talk to him!" He pushed the third mate aside, reeled into the chartroom and grabbed the engine-room speaking-tube. On the bridge, Mr. Fergie had closed his eyes.

"Well, it's a fact," said Mr. Johnson firmly. "There's a crack in the mainshaft, the chief says he's even scared to look at any more. Figures he might patch up something in a few hours . . . What's the matter, sir? You look funny."

"I'm just praying," said Mr. Fergie. "If the Trablo's got no power and we get into the trough in this sea, good night!"

"Yes, it's a case for a sea anchor," admitted Mr. Johnson. "We don't carry one, so we'll have to make one. I've seen it demonstrated on a small scale, according to the principles of Nunnell in his 'Ways and Means at Sea.' We'll have to saw up the derricks and make a sort of cross——"

"With canvas," agreed the first mate wearily. "All right. Get all hands up and get started." He turned to Captain Evans as the captain returned from the chartroom. "We're going to make a sea anchor," he explained.

"Chief says he can only give us another half hour!" the captain stated, his face drawn. "We can't whip up a sea anchor in that time!"

"Well, you can hold a ship head on by plastering canvas in the mizzen rigging and lashing it there," volunteered Mr. Johnson. "Forms a sort of sail, see? The wind catches it and swings you back every time you tend to fall off."

"That's an old one," agreed Mr. Fergie, "and we'll have to try it. But with this wind it'll rip clear every ten minutes once the engine stops."

"Not if you have some sea-anchor drag, too," explained Mr. Johnson. "Bannion positively states in his Deepwater Tricks——"

"Never mind that," said Captain Evans hastily. "How do we get a sea-anchor drag, whatever you mean by that?"

Mr. Johnson gulped in his excitement.

"There's no time to lose, sir, with the engine going dead in half an hour. You just unshackle the anchors, then let the cable out, and she rides to the drag of it—the drag of the chain. You have to unshackle the anchors, as otherwise their weight, with the pitching and jerking, might bust the cable. It's stated by——"

"Shut up!" said Captain Evans, and stared at Mr. Fergie. "It might work, at that," he brooded. "How about it?"

"Yes, it might work," agreed Mr. Fergie, considering. "But who's going to knock the shackles clear of the anchors? Probably get washed overside trying."

"I'll tackle it, sir," said Mr. Johnson. "Just bend a line on me and give me a marlinspike and hammer. And if worst comes to the worst, I'll go into the chain locker and unshackle at the fifteen-fathom link, and then you can let go, and then haul up the cable from the locker——"

"All right," said Mr. Fergie testily. "I'll take your word for it. Go and try it. What do you want us to do—or rather what does this Bannion suggest?"

"You just stand by and get that canvas in the mizzen rigging, sir," explained Mr. Johnson. "And as soon as I let the cables go, stop the engine, if it doesn't stop by itself." He bolted from the bridge, and Captain Evans rubbed his hands over his seamed face. He was beyond words.

Half drowned every time the Trablo dipped too far, and with the life-line about his waist almost cutting him in two, Mr. Johnson hammered at the rusty shackles, and with a strength born of sheer determination knocked them clear, so one anchor after the other went plunging into the sea.

Then, bruised and gasping and half blind from dizziness, Mr. Johnson was hauled back to the windlass and let the brakes go. The cables clanked out, fathom after fathom, and the third mate checked them just before the end was reached.

They had to carry him back to his room, and Captain Evans himself tended to the sundry bruises and cuts, and opened a bottle of his own special brandy.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Johnson feebly, grinning, "she seems to be riding all right now."

"And just in time," the captain agreed kindly. "It was a good trick. The engine failed five minutes after you'd turned it." He coughed and scratched his head and added brusquely, "Tell me, mister. Where did you learn it?"

Mr. Johnson coughed and winced as a bruised rib hurt him.

"Well, I thought you knew, sir. It was tried by a steamer about our size in the North Sea when everything else had failed. Reed's Seamanship is very explicit. And there's a note in Cantrell's Heavy-Weather Notes——"

Captain Evans stuck the brandy bottle into the steward's hands, choked, "You feed it to him," and fled.

Eight days later, when they were limping into port, Mr. Fergie entered the captain's cabin and sat on the edge of the desk.

"Well, we made it," he rasped. "And they say miracles don't happen."

"Just a minute," protested the captain, waving his hand. He was studying a paper on his blotter, and after chewing his pen a moment, wrote another line. Then he leaned back and sighed. "Well, that's that," he declared.

Mr. Fergie bit on his pipestem and looked blank. "That's what, sir?"

"Just a list," Captain Evans explained. "I want you to take it ashore and get it filled. It's a list of books I think I'd better read again."

Mr. Fergie was still for a long moment and then he reached into his pocket. "Funny thing," he said wryly. "I just made one out myself. If you'll give me yours, sir, I'll send them both ashore with Mr. Johnson. Being an expert, he'll probably be able to cross out a few outdated titles."

"Ah, yes," the captain agreed. "He probably will. Er—what is he doing now?"

Mr. Fergie coughed. "He's on the bridge, sir, talking to the pilot. Explaining, so far as I heard, some first points of pilotage law as contained in Stewart's Pilotage and Its Problems. I—er—think, sir, we'd better go up and stop it before the pilot jumps overboard."

(Copyright)

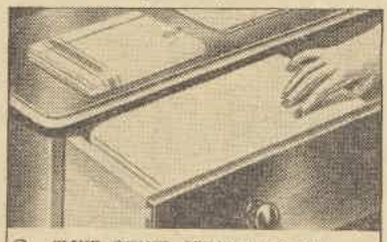
What a tribute to Velvet Soap

MRS. PETERS STILL WEARS THIS PRETTY DRESS . . WASHED OVER 100 TIMES

says Aunt Jenny

Mrs. A. C. Peters, of 12 Harris St., Norwood, South Australia, writes her praises of VELVET SOAP. Read how Velvet has been her friend through the years.

1. "THE STYLE'S BEEN ALTERED OF COURSE," writes Mrs. Peters, "but I made the dress I'm wearing in the photograph all of nine years ago. When you think it's been washed over 100 times with Velvet, well, it's no wonder I'm proud!"



2. "LIKE OTHER VELVET USERS," continues Mrs. Peters, "I have many other things as good as new—not a sign of wear, thanks to Velvet. For example, I have ten linen tea towels, six pillow slips and a pair of blankets all in use since 1927. I never use any other but Velvet soap!"

3. "BEST OF ALL," adds Mrs. Peters, "Velvet's the mildest soap ever made. Velvet keeps my hands so soft, and that's very important to me because I am a dressmaker!" Other ladies like Velvet, too, for the same reason . . . Velvet's so mild it gives hands that well-cared-for look. No wonder it's good for the clothes!

4. VELVET CAN BE A REAL FRIEND TO YOUR FAMILY, TOO. WHY SCRUB THE LIFE OUT OF YOUR LINENS ? THAT MAY BE THE ONLY WAY WHEN YOU USE SOAPS THAT GIVE THIN, NAMBY-PAMBY SUDS BUT..

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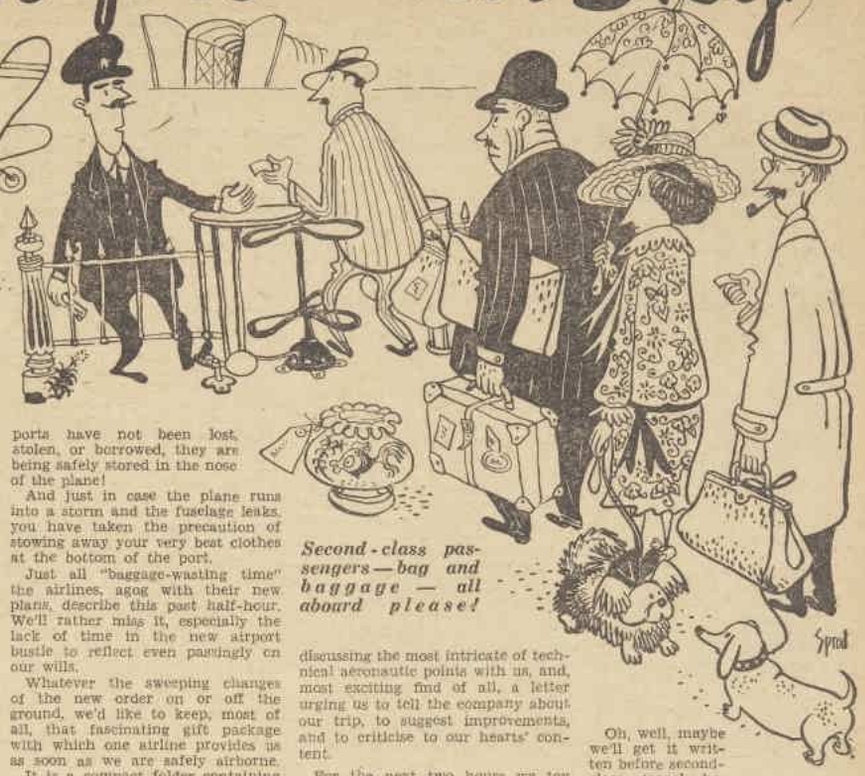
No pie in the Sky



Second-class passengers—bag and baggage — all aboard please!

"IN order to compete with the railways for second-class interstate traffic, airlines are considering plans to cut out luxury frills and institute cheaper fares."

To thousands of air-minded bodies like myself, who once a year make an intrepid interstate dash per DC3 or Skymaster, this recent Press report must have come with surprise and not a little pain.

Not that we MIND the airlines busying themselves with little plans for the future, but somehow we can't help pettishly feeling that they might at least have consulted us before divulging their plans to the public generally.

Haven't they always generously assured us from beginning to end of our annual air adventure that it was OUR airline, not theirs, of which we were availing ourselves?

We feel slighted.

The pretty and deeply personal ticket envelope we receive at head office reminds us on the back that "YOUR liner leaves . . . aerodrome at such and such a time. YOUR service coach leaves the office at . . ."

On board, the hostess buries us in pamphlets chattily quizzing us on "Did you know that YOUR liner carries sufficient fuel to make a round trip if necessary," and, "By the way, you know, of course, that YOUR liner is equipped with the latest technical . . ."

This sudden and remarkable acquisition of an airliner and a service coach (both ways) skyrockets the sinking morale of any traveller on a second-class income inclined to regret the financial plunge on a first-class air ticket.

True, possible permanency of proprietorship of a Skymaster might not appeal to us on arrival at our destination.

On leaving the airport we usually have a kind of relieved understanding with the companies that we stake no claim on anything except our luggage.

Still, for the duration of the flight, the liner is traditionally ours, and we do feel that any plans concerning its future career should, at least, be presented to us in the form of a little pamphlet: "Do you think we could arrange second-class travel on YOUR liner?"

—By—
VICKI ANDERSON

Sky Jackpot

Most of us, I expect, would plump for the cut in fares, but if it means, as has been proposed, eliminating all those odd picturesque sequences of an interstate plane trip, we'd like to ponder wistfully awhile over the loss.

Under the scheme there would be no ticket reservations, only theatre-type tickets collected at the door of the plane.

The parlor-coach service from head office to airport would be cut out, passengers would handle their own luggage, and there'd be no fancy meals during the trip.

This revolution for us will not be accomplished tearlessly.

We'll sigh for the end of that leisurely chat with handsome young ex-R.A.A.F. clerk as he patters about "prangs" and "kites" and writes our name on that incredible souvenir envelope together with particulars of YOUR liner, YOUR service coach.

We'll miss the childish kick of the free ride in the service coach and that combined feeling of superiority and affinity with "Smithy" always inspired by our farewelling friends who say, "No one would ever get me up in a plane."

And we can't bear to think of that idle half-hour wait at the airport being replaced by noise and bustle, tearing of theatre-tickets, split-second departures of second-class planes.

At present there's an unreal atmosphere peculiar to airport waiting-rooms which, if you're of my unfortunate make-up, always promotes certain joys and agonies.

That last-minute cig with fellow-passengers on the upholstered seats, the morbid but persistent personal conviction that you're all part of a kind of "Outward Bound" handful of humanity; the reflection that perhaps you are the only one aware of impending disaster, and, worse still, the awful possibility that you alone will be the bewildered survivor.

A glimpse outside the glass windows where mechanics are checking YOUR liner is always a welcome interruption to the unhappy theme. The conscientiousness displayed by these ex-R.A.A.F. ground staffers is very reassuring.

At last you spot your luggage being wheeled to the plane.

Ah, there they are—your two little ports have not been lost, stolen, or borrowed, they are being safely stored in the nose of the plane!

And just in case the plane runs into a storm and the fuselage leaks, you have taken the precaution of stowing away your very best clothes at the bottom of the port.

Just all "baggage-wasting time" the airlines, agog with their new plans, describe this past half-hour. We'll rather miss it, especially the lack of time in the new airport bustle to reflect even passingly on our wills.

Whatever the sweeping changes of the new order on or off the ground, we'd like to keep, most of all, that fascinating gift package with which one airline provides us as soon as we are safely airborne.

It is a compact folder containing in various secret pockets a map "to enable you to follow YOUR liner every step of the way," pamphlets discussing the most intricate of technical aeronautic points with us, and, most exciting find of all, a letter urging us to tell the company about our trip, to suggest improvements, and to criticise to our hearts' content.

For the next two hours we toy happily with the idea of filling in the letter, but inevitably on arrival are still toying.

Oh, well, maybe we'll get it written before second-class travel becomes a reality and our letter, like the rest of the luxury frills, just a memory.

Three films enough for Hepburn

Plans farm holiday before return to stage

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

KATHARINE HEPBURN has just finished her third film in a year for MGM and is heading East to spend a holiday with her family in Connecticut and then play with the Theatre Guild in New York.

I saw Katie ten minutes after she had shot the last scene in "Song of Love," in which she plays Clara Schumann, who spread the fame of her husband, Robert Schumann, by playing his compositions on the concert stage. Katie was dressed in slacks, because she openly admits she hates showing the freckles on her legs.

"Usually one film is enough at a time for me, but this time I've made 'Undercurrent' with Robert Taylor, 'Sea of Grass' with Spencer Tracy, and 'Song of Love' with Robert Taylor.

"My sisters Peggy and Marian, and my two brothers all have farms near my parents' home in Connecticut, so I'm going to lend a hand with their spring cleaning. My fingers are very limber just now after playing the piano eight hours daily, including Sundays, for my Clara Schumann role," said Katie.

RON RANDELL starts his second Bulldog Drummond film next month, and meanwhile he is filling in time basking in the Californian sun.

Ron spent last week-end helping actor Pat O'Brien scrape and varnish his yacht, "The Creeper."

He told me he is very homesick, but is delighted over receiving so many letters and papers from home.

He tries to answer all letters personally, which is difficult work, as he averages 500 weekly.

* * *

A NEW star, Jorja Courtright, playing opposite Brian Donlevy in "Heaven Only Knows," broke her wrist when she slapped Donlevy heartily across the face for a sequence of the film.

Jorja moaned: "I had heard he was a tough guy, but I never knew he was that tough."

ANOTHER lovely girl has got a film break through extraordinary means.

She is eighteen-year-old Marilyn Monroe, now under contract to Fox.

Marilyn was acting as baby-sitter in a talent scout's home while the scout and his wife visited the movies.

When he returned at midnight the scout was impressed with Marilyn's looks as well as her talent for keeping baby quiet, and arranged for a Fox test, which got her a year's contract.

Marilyn, who looked after children to gain pocket money while studying at the University, is now posing for bathing-suit art at Fox, with a role in a forthcoming picture lined up for her.

* * *

AS opposite as the poles are the philosophies of Gene Tierney and Ann Sheridan.

Ann says, "My favorite costume round the house and wherever else I can get away with it is blue jeans, an open-neck shirt, my hair in pigtails, and no make-up.

"I can only relax when dressed for lounging."

Gene Tierney says, "I never wear sloppy old clothes.

"My morale would sink to zero if I did.

"I am never happy unless well dressed. Even if I am only in a simple house-dress, I must look well groomed and attractive.

"I think most girls would find cheerful dispositions easier to acquire if they maintained that fresh, attractive look, even if dining at home from a tray."

* * *

LARAINE DAY told me that the most delicate scene she ever played was in her last film, titled "The Locket."

"I wore a bridal gown made entirely of tinted spun glass, which was so fine I could not sit down between scenes without wrecking it, and while the cameras were set up and the lights adjusted I rested by leaning my elbows on a specially constructed frame."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep

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Fame terrifies lovely young English star

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

Hazel Court, a new and lovely star to arrive on the British screen, found sudden stardom so terrifying that her voice literally trembled when I saw her after the opening of her film, "Meet Me at Dawn."

"IT was my first big film premiere," she exclaimed. "I saw myself in my first starring role, and when I came out of the cinema I was so scared that I ran!

"It wasn't exactly the way I had imagined in my schoolgirl dreams that I would behave.

"In those dreams my first performance as a star was to have been a glorious, glamorous climax."

Watching a star from her humble film beginning, as I watched Hazel Court, is a pleasant business.

The features which spelled success for her are long, floating, red hair; big, clear eyes; a face of baby contours; a twenty-two inch waist; and the ability to register petulance, sweetness, indignation, or dreaminess.

These things, plus her habit when not wanted on the set of standing demurely behind the camera and constantly watching the tricks of film technique and work of the other actresses, asking timid but determined questions, are some of the reasons why a girl succeeds in films. Only a couple of years ago, as a screen-struck film fan, she played truant from school and ran down the road to the Birmingham School of Drama, where she presented the sceptical drama teacher with this breathless, dramatic line, "I have no money, my parents would be horrified, but if I cannot become an actress I shall throw myself in the river!

"I will pay you back when I become a film star."

On these curious terms a motherly drama-mistress with a heart of gold groomed a teen-ager with such thoroughness that when Hazel's parents became resigned to her dreams and sent her to a London academy she passed all her exams with honor.

This small success began the struggle of a would-be queen of the screen — a long story of haunting agencies, writing letters, circulating photographs taken in all moods, attitudes, and different hairdos, and taking odd jobs as an extra. Luck cut this short when director Anthony Asquith noticed Hazel's photograph in an agent's office.

He signed her to play a small part in Tommy Trinder's "Champagne Charlie."

Her chance had come, Hazel was a starlet, and a surprised Birmingham drama-mistress received a prompt cheque.

Then she played small support roles, to Ann Todd in "Gaiety George," to Phyllis Calvert in "The Root of All Evil," to Sally Gray in "Carnival," before being introduced to her first leading man, Hollywood's William Eythe.

Bill had come to England to star with her in "Meet Me at Dawn," a delightful little comedy set in Paris in the early nineteen hundreds.

At its premiere actress Hazel Court showed a sure sense of comedy and a lot of photogenic glamor on the screen, while in the audience there was quite a different Hazel Court, one going through all the agonies and doubts of a new star.

Now sharing with the other screen idols in the adulation of millions of cinemagoers, a new star has little time to revel in the novelty of it.

Hazel has a contract with film magnate Arthur Rank, and is required to make personal appearances at cinemas before her fans, receive pressmen, attend receptions, and to be seen in glamorous clothes in the right places.

She was still a little awestruck by it all when Princess Elizabeth, herself a keen film fan, singled her out of a lot of better-known stars to keep her company at a Dorchester Hotel reception, where Hazel was invited to show off new hats in a swanky fashion parade.

Claims of new films — "Holiday Camp," "Dear Murderer" — keep Hazel from fulfilling all those naive dreams of stardom she had as a schoolgirl, and she has not moved out of her little Georgian home in Ealing for more palatial apartments.

Hates town life

GETTING a country cottage in Cornwall (she hates town life) and riding her own horse are still some of those nice but unfulfilled things she is looking forward to when there is time to choose.

Universal International have been negotiating with Rank about bringing her to Hollywood, and nineteen-year-old Hazel would like the trip, but would always come back to England.

Above all, she would like to go to Australia. "Because I like a lot of food, particularly fruit, and eating never seems to hurt my waistline. Most of all, I like the sun."

Australian opals are still her favorite jewel, and she considers they bring her luck.

HAZEL COURT, nineteen-year-old red-haired young English film star, who has been praised by English critics for her acting in the comedy film "Meet Me At Dawn." She is under contract to J. Arthur Rank, and may go to America on loan to appear in films there for Universal International.

It's worth talking about

when you find out what tests have proved

Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter

YOU'RE BOUND TO FIND new brightness in your teeth . . . new sparkle in your smile this easy way! Tests prove *in just one week* Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter. You see, Pepsodent — and only Pepsodent — contains Irium—the exclusive, patented cleansing ingredient. And Pepsodent with Irium removes the dingy film . . . floats it away quickly, easily, safely. In a moment your teeth feel cleaner . . . *in just one week they look far brighter!*

For the safety of your smile — use Pepsodent twice a day . . . see your dentist twice a year.

PE.10.26

Film Reviews

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★★★ SISTER KENNY

AT last Hollywood has made a film about Australia of real significance not only to Australia, but to every country where people suffer the torments of infantile paralysis. RKO and Rosalind Russell both deserve congratulations for a courageous and successful effort.

Rosalind brings amazing sympathy to the part of the young bush nurse, ageing to the quiet, purposeful woman who wins recognition at last in a foreign country.

In taking up the cudgels for Sister Kenny Rosalind has added new lustre to her own name. Settings are sometimes artificial and not convincingly Australian, but do no serious harm.—Century; showing.

★★★ JOHNNY FRENCHMAN

FRANCOISE ROSAY is France's gift to films. She is neither young nor beautiful, but she turns in a performance in this first-class British film from Ealing Studios which is remarkable.

As the dominating tough skipper of a French fishing boat which impudently poaches on the preserves of the British, and causes harbormaster Tom Walls to be in a constant state of fury, Miss Rosay is terrific.

Apart from Miss Rosay and Tom Walls, there is newcomer Paul Dupuis, who will make film fans sit up and take notice.—Capitol; showing.

★★ THRILL OF BRAZIL

WITH a glamorous South American background plus the talents of comedian Keenan Wynn, Columbia have turned out a most acceptable musical. Added to the top attractions there are Evelyn Keyes, Ann Miller, Tito Guizar.

The inimitable Mr. Wynn is a revue producer who is trying to avoid a divorce from his wife (Evelyn Keyes) and the attentions of his star, Ann Miller.—Victory; showing.

★★ BELLS OF ROSARITA

FOR good measure in this film, starring Roy Rogers, Republic have thrown in half a dozen more Western actors, including Bill Elliott, Allan Lane, Donald Barry, Robert Livingstone, Sunset Carson, and, of course, the famous Trigger.

Roy plays himself as a film star who is making a picture on the ranch owned by Dale Evans. With him is Bob Nolan, and they unearth a plot to deprive Miss Evans of the circus she has inherited from her father.—Capitol; showing.

★★ BEDELIA

WHEN a beautiful woman sets out to enrich herself by poisoning a succession of doting husbands for their insurance money, you expect to be held in fascinated horror, or at least a hint of it, by her sinister personality.

But, though Margaret Lockwood is a competent actress, she inspires only a sort of tolerant surprise that she could be such a naughty girl. Good direction in this John Corfield production could have turned her into what she was supposed to be, a glamorous murderess.

Ian Hunter and Barry K. Barnes are good in their parts of last husband and sleuth.—Esquire; showing.

★ MR. ACE

TO the Australian mind American politics always have a touch of fantasy that makes them seem out of this world, an idea that will only be increased by this story, released by United Artists.

Sylvia Sidney makes as good a job as she is allowed of the would-be woman politician; but the thought uppermost when she at last forgoes politics is that the people she might have governed have had a lucky break.—Empire; showing.

TWO AUSTRALIAN STARS. Wendy Gibb and Michael Pate will appear as Cathie McAllister and Shayne O'Riordan in the forthcoming Charles Chauvel production "Sons of Matthew." They will soon leave for Queensland, where most of the film will be taken.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4778488

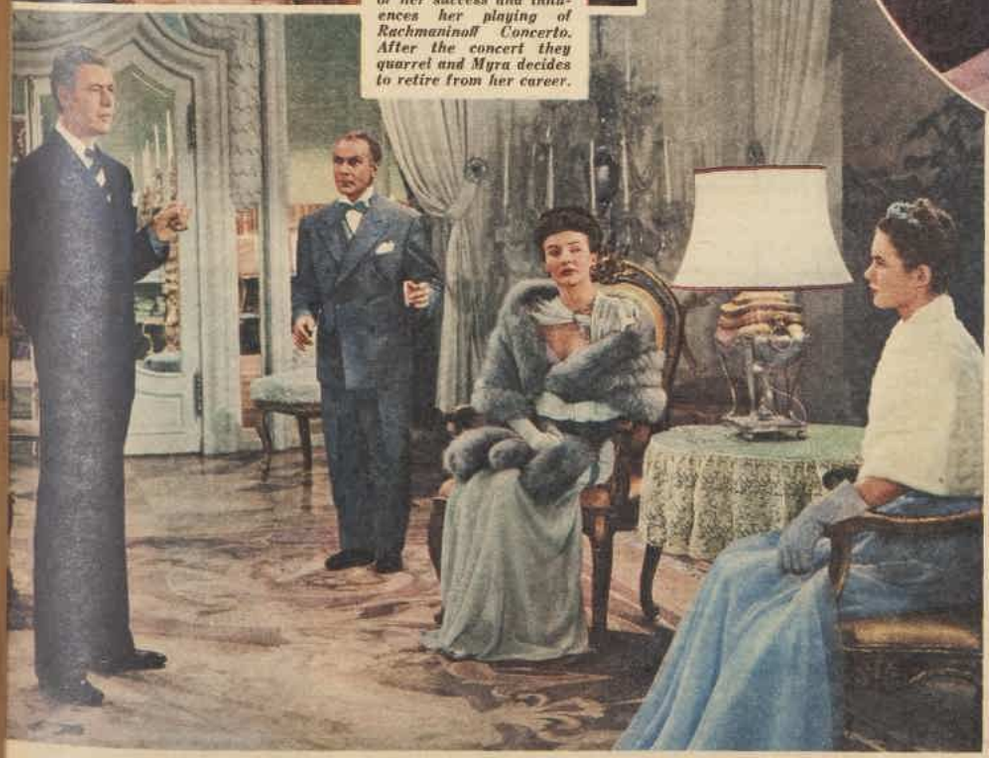
I've always loved you

● Though he is unseen, famous pianist Arthur Rubinstein provides fifty minutes of the world's finest music in Republic's technicolor musical.

1.—COUNTRY MEETING between pianist - conductor Leopold Goronoff (Philip Dorn) and brilliant student Myra Hasman (Catherine McLeod) leads to concert-platform training for Myra.

2.—FIRST CONCERT by Myra ends as failure after good beginning, as conductor Goronoff becomes jealous of her success and influences her playing of Rachmaninoff Concerto. After the concert they quarrel and Myra decides to retire from her career.

3.—RETURN of Myra to country makes Goronoff realise he loves her, but he is persuaded by his grandmother (Maria Ouspenskaya) to leave Myra alone and go abroad.



4.—MARRIAGE FOR MYRA to old friend George Sampter (William Carter) is happy, though George always feels that Myra has never forgotten Goronoff. Their daughter Porgy (Vanessa Brown) becomes pianist, and meeting with Goronoff results in concert being arranged at Carnegie Hall, though Vanessa lacks her mother's talent.

5.—SUBSTITUTION AT CONCERT by Myra in place of Porgy proves big success, but Myra refuses to play again, and tells George she has always loved him, and not Goronoff.

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"Lovely skin makes dreams come true"

says **JOAN LESLIE**

Warner Brothers' Star in "RHAPSODY IN BLUE."

Tests show 3 out of 4 complexions improve in a very short time with Lux Toilet Soap.

Try Hollywood's own complexion care—active-lather facials with pure white Lux Toilet Soap. Pat the rich, creamy lather gently into your skin. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold and pat with soft towel to dry. Your skin will feel softer, smoother. Take a daily beauty bath with Lux Toilet Soap, too, and see your skin grow lovelier all over.

The bath and complexion care of 9 out of every 10 film stars

LT.183.26

Till The Clouds Roll By

1 BEGINNING OF FRIENDSHIP for young composer Jerome Kern (Robert Walker) and music arranger James Hesler (Van Heflin) follows discussion of Kern's songs and encouragement by Hesler and his pampered young daughter Sally.

2 VISIT TO ENGLAND by Kern results in first success and meeting Eva (Dorothy Patrick), whom he marries.

3 YEARS LATER Kern, now very successful in America, is asked by Sally (Lucille Bremer) for part in new show "Sally" named after her.

Story of composer Jerome Kern

A MUSICAL biography of the life of American composer Jerome Kern includes the appearance of some of MGM's top stars. Robert Walker plays the composer, and Van Heflin his lifelong friend. Brief appearances are made by Judy Garland and Van Johnson. Miss Garland takes the part of the late Marilyn Miller, who had her best-known stage part in the title role of the Kern musical comedy "Sally."

Most of Kern's songs are featured during the film, and Van Johnson does a song-and-dance act as leader of a night-club band.

4 SPOILT AND SELFISH, Sally runs away when the part she wants is taken over by famous musical comedy star Marilyn Miller (Judy Garland).

5 FATAL ILLNESS for Hesler after worry over Sally's disappearance makes Kern and his wife promise to find Sally and try to help her. Kern refuses to work till Sally is found, though new play "Showboat" requires music.

6 AT NIGHT-CLUB Sally is appearing with dance-band leader Van Johnson, as she has determined to win stardom only by her own efforts. She later gets big role in film musical in Hollywood featuring Kern tunes.

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May occasionally bhorus.
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FORD PILLS

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● GRETA GYNT, lovely English film star, wears a lime-green hopsack suit with brown and white check gingham shirt and matching trimmings on the halo hat. Ensemble by Joy Ricardo.

● DEBORAH KERR crowns her red-gold upswept hair with a plait and perches on it a gay floral hat with a hanging spray. Her next film appearance will be as a nun in the technicolor film, "Black Narcissus."

● CHIC COCKTAIL hat of thickly clustered petal-pink flowers, moulded high in front and finished with wide satin ribbon bow at the back. It is worn by Greta Gynt, who is starring in a mystery drama from Cineguild called "Take My Life."

● FELT TOQUE of the latest London color, called "cinder blossom," and trimmed with upstanding osprey feather. Greta Gynt wears the hat in the technicolor musical, "London Town."

Foursome from England

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Summertime—brings thoughts of HOLIDAYS

Don't wait until holiday time arrives and then wonder what to do about money. Where you wish to go and how you go is your business. Helping you to finance your holiday is our business. Consult your local Branch Manager, open an account. **Start Saving Now** and keep saving regularly for your next holiday.

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C.S.B. 18-82

IF THE NICKEL faucets of your sink become stained, polish them with a soft cloth dipped in spirits of ammonia. Later wash them with hot, soapy water and finish by polishing with dry cloth.

THIS is an old-fashioned method for adding lustre to linoleum if you're not going to wax it. Just add a little sour milk to the rinsing water when you wash the floor. It's really effective.

* * *

DID you know that you can discourage a tough film forming on blancmange by covering with waxed paper while still hot? Let chill under cover.

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says:

YOUR tablecloth will be less likely to stain when tea or coffee is spilled on it if you immediately blot with a clean blotter.

* * *

IF grease marks on your wallpaper are fresh, rub them with a cube of laundry starch. Then brush soiled area briskly to remove any trace of starch.

* * *

YOU may prevent gold and silver evening shoes from tarnishing if you wrap them in old stockings when not being worn.

* * *

TRY keeping a lump of sugar in a disused tea or coffee pot—it will absorb any moisture and prevent rust or mildew.

* * *

BEST way to wash chamois leather is in lukewarm sudsy water. After washing, rinse in weak suds—same temperature—and dry.

* * *

YOU can remove that fishy odor from dishes by putting a spoonful of dry mustard in the washing-up water.

The future of YOUR COMPLEXION

● There are some things so important that you just can't know too much about them.

By CAROLYN EARLE
Our Beauty Expert

AMONG those things I would definitely group skin care and complexion cultivation, schoolgirl variety included; so any advice from experts on the subject should be received with ever-eager ears.

So, on the assumption that most women would prefer a really lovely skin to a passport to Shangri-la, here is some advice from an internationally famous skin specialist.

Some of the maxims we know; some are new and sound good;

As lead-in to care-of-skin remarks we are told that really beautiful skin starts in the early teens; body-health and emotions play important supporting roles in skin condition and should be thoroughly checked before upsets are diagnosed; many changes, emotional, psychological, and physical—both external and internal—take place during adolescence, and for that reason, between the ages of 13 and 17, a girl may determine the type of skin she will have for life.

Although types of skin are many and various, they are still divided into three general classifications:

(1) **Extremely oily skin,** of which the first symptom is a shiny nose, then blackheads, possibly followed by pimples, or, in extreme cases, acne. (To determine if your skin is oily, place a piece of tissue on your nose; if the paper becomes greasy and you cannot see through it, take care!)

Special advice: Wash with soap and very hot water at least three times a day. Let the sun get to your skin as often as possible (without cream or lotion films), as sun helps to kill the bacteria.

(2) **Extremely dry skin,** which possibly feels taut, is constantly peeling somewhere, and looks lifeless and dull (leading to lines and wrinkles at an early age).

Special Advice: Cleanse your face two or three times daily with any vegetable oil. At night, wash with cold water, no soap. It's permissible to use a fairly rich lubricating cream once daily, but don't leave it on longer than ten minutes and **never overnight.**

(3) **Normal skin,** which is clear and clean, feels good, looks lovely—the trick is to keep it that way.

Special advice: Wash your face once daily with lukewarm water and ordinary soap; otherwise simply rinse with lukewarm water. Cream once a day with a normal skin cream, again leaving it on for ten minutes only, and never overnight.

Then there are a few general rules that can be applied with advantage to epidermis en masse. Here they are:—

● Keep your face clean and well washed and know your cosmetics from start to finish. Don't use strange creams. If the skin erupts, never try to cover up with make-up or you will strike trouble—blackheads, inflamed skin, etc.

● Don't squeeze the face; it only irritates bumps and blackheads alike. We all know how stubborn blackheads are. Squeezing and pressing them out causes them to multiply, infection and acne is likely, and the surface scars and withers.

● Don't paw your face. Touching hands to the skin is a double threat, because, while a healthy skin can deal with bacteria appearing on its own surface, extra dirt picked up from the hands can be just too much to cope with and will cause infection. The face and shoulders having extra oily glands and perspiration glands, these two places have to be well watched for threats of eruption.

● Health habits, of course, are very important; exercise, proper food, regular habits, regular eating-times, and no "over"-anything—over-exercise, over-eating, or even over-sleeping, because sluggishness is harmful to beauty just like any other bad habit, mainly on the score that it slows down circulation.

● As far as your face is concerned, don't take any friend's advice, and don't experiment. If you must try out something new, make the test on the back of your wrist, which is a comparatively insensitive part.

Other expert advice is given by Jean Cleland, who in "Be Beautiful," published by The Australian Women's Weekly, discusses how to achieve radiance, deal with various types of blemishes, cope with wrinkles, and so on.

Mrs. Cleland says that some years ago, in Vienna, one of the finest skin specialists in the world said to her: "To keep the skin clean—really clean—is to keep it young and beautiful. Nearly all skin troubles—blackheads, blemishes, and discoloration—are due in great measure to faulty cleansing. So many people attend to the surface of their skin, and as long as it looks clean they are satisfied that all is well. This is often far from true, for to cleanse adequately and properly is to cleanse **beneath** the surface."

For details of how to obtain "Be Beautiful," see coupon on page 20.

How To Reduce Safely!

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NOW you can actually reduce those unnatural bulging hips and that huge unlovely waist—by a NEW, simple method. Without dangerous drugs, very strenuous exercise, or starvation diets. Secretly in your own room—you can really watch these bulging hips disappearing. An over-prominent, sagging bust, fat arms and legs, thick ankles, and double chin can quickly be banished with this marvellous new reducing treatment—it's something entirely different.

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"My measurements before I started your treatment were bust 47in., now 37in., hips 49in., now 42in. I was sixteen stone and now am less than thirteen stone and am still losing weight; also, I look and feel years younger. People hardly believe the difference in me, as already I am looking quite slim and shapely and am very pleased with myself. I have told everybody who wants to get thin about you. My niece has reduced from 14 to 10 stone. It is lovely to be able to wear nice clothes again. I would not look at myself in the mirror; now I am doing nothing else." Mrs. A.J.C., M.P., via T., Qld.

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CHARMING kitchen (left) has white walls and cupboards. Biscuit - colored linoleum covers floor, cupboard-tops, and shelves. Porcelain sink has wooden drainingboards on which is easily cleaned plate-rack of painted steel. Curtains are blue, grey, and white printed cotton, matching the royal-blue enamelled saucepans, tea and coffee pots, and kettle; kitchen china is white and blue. Red geraniums in red pots and a red jam-jar add a spot of extra color.

Kitchen color

THE very efficient kitchen shown right has palest blue washable walls. The chromium sink is flanked by a chromium draining - board. As you can see, there is plenty of working space, and the workshop is planned to save time and labor. These kitchens are now on display in London.

SUMMER MULCHING . . .

SOME gardeners mulch their plants in winter to protect them from frost—but others mulch them in summer just to save work. But it's time we learned that summer mulching not only saves work but makes for better crops.

Gardeners who hoe and scrape and struggle to keep down weeds during hot weather do so with the idea of raising finer flowers or better vegetables.

But if they will spend one weekend during February or March applying mulching materials that will make further weeding unnecessary, they will have saved time and much water, and still get better results.

For summer mulching is not just a lazy man's or woman's trick—it is a moisture saver and a real production builder.

The benefits of careful summer mulching for the home garden are almost fantastic, for they definitely produce more and better plants with no hoeing or cultivation, and sometimes even no watering. The freedom from hot weather weed control alone would seem a sufficient reason to induce most gardeners to try it, yet only a few have been stimulated enough to overcome the comparatively minor problem of obtaining and using mulching materials.

These people continue to burn their dead leaves and never get around to buying a few bales of straw, a load of leaf mould, or a few bags of peatmulch.

Arguments against mulching include the old one—that it costs money, but not always.

If the expenditure of say £2 on mulching material saves two hours' weeding and hoeing a day and the spattering of some hundreds of gallons of water daily on the garden for three to four months at an average of about 1/- per 1000 gallons, the gardener can, at the end of the season, work it out for himself how much he will save. It runs into a considerable sum. Then comes the extra added premium of more and better crops.

Examination of the materials used in mulching experiments shows that pea vines, leaf mould, oak leaves, ground corn cobs, and sugarcane debris, sawdust, pine needles, and half-rotted gum leaves all give good results.

Most of these materials can later be dug into the soil with beneficial results, but others, notably sawdust and corn cobs, oak leaves and pine needles, need to be limed because they are slow to rot.

Sugarcane debris, which has been made available to gardeners in N.S.W. during the past year or two, has given marvellous results when fowl manure is added. Pyrethrum-extracting factories have also made the fluffy stuff from that plant available for mulching during the past two years, and when rotted it confers great fertility and moisture-holding properties upon the soil.

Under ordinary garden conditions the mulch is scattered round (not over) the plants to a depth of two to three inches, according to the material used, usually after a heavy fall of rain or following a soaking artificial watering.

Unless the weather remains dry for weeks, no further watering will be necessary for some time. — **Our Home Gardener.**

Children and lead poisoning

By MEDICO

I PRESSED the bell at the Swanson home. As I waited for the door to be opened, I noticed the powdery paint on the verandah rail and beside the door.

When Mrs. Swanson told me that her six-year-old had been having pains in her tummy for several weeks and now had weakness of the legs, I could see the cause and effect. Beside the child's bed were painted toys which had been chewed, and a box of lead soldiers. When the analysis of the child's urine showed lead, the diagnosis was complete.

How much longer must our children be exposed to the avoidable danger of lead poisoning? There are five simple steps in the preventive programme:

One: Surfaces likely to come in contact with a child's hands should be oiled, or painted with zinc paint. There is no danger with zinc. Especially does this apply to verandah rails and handrails beside the steps outside the house.

Two: Toys for children should be painted only with lead-free lacquer, and a tag certificate should be attached to the toy. Children will always suck or bite their toys.

Three: Lead soldiers are dangerous toys. With the development of plastics there should be no need for lead toys.

Four: Lead can be dissolved from water-pipes which have a lead connection to the tap, or which have joints sealed with white or red lead. Plumbers who are tradesmen know of this danger and avoid it, but amateur plumbers can fall into the trap.

Five: Fruit and vegetables are usually sprayed with lead arsenate. Fortunately, a good washing under a running tap will remove this risk. Wiping alone is not efficient.

In the warmer parts of Australia, lead poisoning has been shown to be a cause of death from kidney disease. This can occur in families brought up in a house which has powdery lead paint on verandah rails and fence gates. In Queensland, the death-rate from kidney disease for young adults is higher than anywhere else in the world.

One of the subtle dangers of lead poisoning in childhood is that its effects may not appear until years later.

The treatment of lead poisoning is not very satisfactory. This makes prevention all the more vital.

Brimming with luscious cream... that's TRUFOOD

The richest, freshest powdered milk you've ever tasted!

A half gallon of new milk; straight from lush clover pastures. Packed in an airtight tin to seal its goodness. That's a tin of Trufood. Fresh meadow milk with just the water removed. No wonder it's the lushest powdered milk of all. Drink it... cook with it... give it to baby... whenever you need milk, use Trufood.

Mixed and made in a moment! You get a full half-gallon of rich dairy milk, containing nearly half a pint of cream, from every 12 ounce tin of Trufood.

★ *Only fresh milk goes into Trufood — no preservatives of any kind are added.*

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A Silkymit whisks away all unwanted hair from arms and legs. Simply slip a Silkymit over your fingers and gently massage the ugly hair away. No rooting out, no chemicals, odour, or sticky mess. Silkymit is simple, quick, effective. It leaves your skin petal smooth — and positively discourages re-growth. If your chemist is out of stock, send 1/- P.N. to SILKYMIT PTY., Box 1827, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Half Hour Dinners!

THERE'S EYE APPEAL and appetite satisfaction in this simple, quickly prepared dinner of spinach-stuffed fillets of fish served with shrimp sauce, potatoes, and peas. See No. 1 Menu.

By The Australian Women's Weekly Food and Cookery Experts.

● These menus have more than ease of preparation to commend them—they feature hearty foods to please the family.

LIGHT and satisfying, quickly prepared, balanced from the point of view of nutrition, moderately priced, and good to look at.

What more could one ask of a dinner menu?

The four quick menus listed here can be prepared in half an hour—provided, of course, some preparation is made in advance.

SHRIMP SAUCE

One tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1¼ cups milk, 1 cup shelled prawns, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

Melt margarine or butter, add flour and salt. Cook 3 minutes without browning. Add milk, continue stirring until it boils and thickens. Fold in shelled prawns, then lemon juice. Serve a large spoonful with each portion of fish.

SAVORY FISH FILLETS

Six fillets flathead, bream, or whiting, 4 cups finely shredded spinach, 1 teaspoon butter, ½ cup grated cheese, 1 cup white breadcrumbs, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, salt, and pepper, 1 egg, ½ cup milk.

Place shredded spinach in lidded pan with 1 teaspoon butter and sprinkle with salt. Simmer 5 minutes, shaking occasionally. Add cheese, breadcrumbs, lemon rind, salt, and pepper; bind with beaten egg. Wash fillets well in salted water, dry and spread with spinach mixture. Roll up and secure with cocktail sticks. Place in ovenware dish, add milk, cover with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes; remove cocktail sticks, serve on hot dish with shrimp sauce, cucumber slices, and green peas.

SUMMER FRUIT BETTY

One sponge roll, 2 egg-whites, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 2 cups cold stewed fruit.

Cut sponge roll into thick slices, place on greased oven tray. Beat egg-white stiffly with salt, add sugar and beat to meringue consistency. Fold in orange rind. Pile on to sponge slices, hollowing out well in the centre. Bake in a slow oven until meringe is set and lightly browned, 15 to 20 minutes. Pile cold stewed fruit (drained free from syrup) into centre hollow before serving.

TOPSY-TURVY SAUSAGE PIE

One pound sausages (beef or pork), one large green apple, ½ cup finely chopped ham or cooked bacon, 1 cup mashed potato, 1 cup cold mashed pumpkin, 1 tablespoon finely minced onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper, 1 egg.

Remove skins from sausages, press meat into a hot well-greased pan; fry lightly 2 or 3 minutes, turn and lightly brown other side. Place browned meat in shallow greased ovenware dish. Cover with thin slices of peeled and cored apple, sprinkle with chopped ham. Combine potatoes, pumpkin, onion, parsley, salt, and pepper. Fold in beaten egg, and beat until smooth. Spread over meat mixture in dish. Bake in a moderate oven (375deg. F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Turn out on to hot dish, meat uppermost, and serve in wedges.

CORNED BEEF PUFFS

Three cups mashed potatoes, salt and pepper, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons finely minced onion, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 2 cups minced cold corned beef, poached eggs, chopped parsley.

Beat mashed potatoes until quite smooth and free from lumps. Add salt and pepper, milk, beaten egg, onion, and cheese, and corned meat. Place in heaped tablespoonfuls on greased oven tray, hollowing out the centres to a depth of ½in. Bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, 20 to 25 minutes. Meanwhile, poach one egg for each person; slip a poached egg into each puff before serving and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

SWISS APPLE PUDDING

One pound apples, 1 tablespoon water, grated rind and juice of 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, good pinch ground cloves and cinnamon, ¾ cup stale cake crumbs, 2 eggs, 1 extra tablespoon sugar, 1¼ cups milk.

Peel, core, and slice apples. Simmer in lidded pan until soft with water, lemon rind, and juice. (This made be done in advance.) Add butter, sugar, cloves, and cinnamon. Beat until smooth. Fold in cake crumbs and turn into greased pie-dish. Beat egg-yolks with extra tablespoon of sugar, add milk, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour carefully over apple mixture. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

MINCED MEAT AND BACON PUFFS

One pound minced uncooked beef or lamb, ½lb. chopped bacon, 1 tablespoon minced onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper, ¾ cup fine white breadcrumbs, ½ cup gravy or white sauce (left from a previous meal), 1 egg, egg glazing and breadcrumbs for covering, fat for frying.

Combine meat, bacon, onion, parsley, salt, pepper, breadcrumbs. Mix well with gravy or sauce and beaten egg. Shape into thin, flat patties on a floured board. Dip in egg glazing, coat with breadcrumbs. Fry in fuming fat, browning both sides first, then reducing heat, and cooking gently 8 to 10 minutes. Serve piping hot.

FOAMY RHUBARB WHIP

Two packets lemon jelly, 1½ cups hot water, 1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 cup cooked rhubarb.

Dissolve jelly crystals in hot water. When nearly cold and beginning to thicken beat vigorously until light and spongy. Fold in rhubarb and fruit rind. Pile roughly into serving dish. Place in ice-chest or refrigerator until set. Serve with cream or custard.

MENU 1
Savory Fish Fillets
Shrimp Sauce
Potatoes Green Peas
Summer Fruit Betty
Coffee

★ ★ ★

MENU 2
Topsy-turvy Sausage Pie
Creamed Potatoes
French Beans
Shredded Cabbage
Swiss Apple Pudding
Coffee

MENU 3
Corned Beef Puffs
Creamed Carrots
Spinach Beans
Compote of Peaches Junket
Coffee

★ ★ ★

MENU 4
Minced Meat and Bacon Patties
French Fried Potatoes
Corn on the Cob Peas
Foamy Rhubarb Whip
Coffee

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with New Petal-Finish

Here at last is a depth of tone as clear and soft and smooth as a rose petal. Tangee's new PETAL-FINISH Lipsticks, Rouge and Face Powder combine a softness, a smoothness of texture never before achieved. Flattering loveliness, perfect grooming that lasts for longer than you'd believe possible.

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1/6 ALL CHEMISTS

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Cystex

Guaranteed for **Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.**

For Beauty!
"Coverspot
Conceals Blemishes"

QUICK - AND - EASY sweet: Baked apples (above) topped with snowy meringue and shimmering jelly are an added attraction to the dinner table.

RIGHT: Mashed potato left over from the previous meal, well seasoned with cheese and onion, is an ideal savory base for baked eggs.

Accent on flavor . . .

● Here are simple, savory dishes—all prizewinners—guaranteed to gladden the heart of the enthusiastic homemaker.

THIS week's prize-winning recipe offers another use for left-over potato . . . temptingly flavored with onion and cheese it makes an ideal base for baked eggs. Try it as a hot luncheon or supper dish for chilly autumn days.

Have you entered your favorite recipe in this weekly contest? If not, all you have to do is write your recipe clearly on one side of the paper only, include name and address with each recipe, and post to this office.

The sharing of ideas and the exchange of home-tested recipes are helpful to others, and may mean a cash prize for you.

EGG AND POTATO PIE

Two cups mashed potato, pepper and salt, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon finely minced onion, 1 teaspoon butter, milk, ½ cup grated cheese, 4 eggs.

Beat pepper, salt, parsley, onion, butter, milk and half grated cheese into mashed potato. Place into greased ovenware dish. Make 4 depressions in potato. Break an egg into each one. Bake in moderate oven 375deg.F. till eggs are set and potato mixture thoroughly heated. Top potato with grated cheese and ring each egg with finely chopped parsley or paprika. Serve very hot.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Evans, 20 Cronulla St., Carlton, N.S.W.

QUICK BACON SAVORY

Half pound lean bacon or ham, 1 dessertspoon margarine or clean fat, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 dessertspoon vinegar or lemon juice, 3 small onions, 3 tomatoes, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 dessertspoons grated cheese, pinch cayenne pepper, ¼ teaspoon mixed spice, 1 tablespoon chopped mint or parsley.

Place margarine or fat into saucepan and melt. Mix sugar, curry powder, and flour together, blend with vinegar or lemon juice. Add to hot fat, stirring all the time. Cook 2 or 3 minutes. Chop bacon or ham, tomatoes, and onions finely, and add with salt, cheese, cayenne pepper, and mixed spice. Continue cooking for 20 minutes, stirring frequently. Lastly add finely chopped parsley or mint, and serve piping hot on toast.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to D. Baxter, Chandler, The Salt Lakes, via Merredin, W.A.

STUFFED COD WITH LEMON SAUCE

One pound smoked cod or barracouta, 1 cup chopped prawns, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, few drops of anchovy essence or sauce, 1 egg, milk.

Combine prawns with crumbs, parsley, anchovy sauce, and lemon rind; bind with beaten egg and a little milk if necessary. Spread on pieces of fish, roll and tie securely with cotton. Place in buttered dish with sufficient milk to cover bottom of dish. Cover with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) for 40 to 45 minutes. Serve with lemon sauce or melted butter sauce made with milk in which fish has been cooked.

Lemon Sauce: Combine juice and rind of 1 lemon with 1 cup water. Bring to boil, add 1 desesrtspoon cornflour or arrowroot blended with a little cold water. Stir until boiling. Cook 2 or 3 minutes. Add salt and pepper to taste, and 1 teaspoon margarine or butter. Serve over fish.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss A. Thorzersen, George St., Moonta, S.A.

OYSTER RAREBIT

One tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 dozen oysters, 3 egg-yolks, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley.

Place margarine or butter in saucepan over hot water. When melted add cheese, stirring well. Strain liquor from oysters, and add ¼ cup of it to melted margarine and cheese, mixing well. Add beaten egg-yolks and Worcestershire sauce, stir over boiling water till thickened. Add oysters and parsley just before serving. Serve hot on toast squares or with fingers of toast. Garnish with slices of lemon, or add a squeeze of lemon juice before serving.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. Danvers, care Campo, Locke St., New Farm, Brisbane.

PEANUT BUTTER FINGERS

Soften ½ cup peanut butter to spreading consistency with a little warm milk. Add a little chopped parsley, and a pinch of cayenne pepper. Cut stale bread into fingers and coat with mixture. Dip into egg-glazing and breadcrumbs. Deep-fry in fuming fat till golden brown. Drain on paper. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. I. S. Yates, 144 Senate Rd., Port Pirie, S.A.

story of Mr. F. Wilson, Haberfield, N.S.W.

. . . "suffered greatly from constipation."

1.

"For several years I suffered greatly from constipation and had been using laxatives and salts to try and gain relief, but to no avail . . .

2.

These medicines gave only temporary relief and left me feeling weaker and weaker, until I felt done in .

3.

One evening I heard your advertisement about Kellogg's All-Bran over the air and was impressed by your commonsense argument . . . .

4.

I commenced eating Kellogg's All-Bran as a breakfast cereal. Within a few weeks I was back to normal. It's wonderful to know my old complaint is gone forever. My thanks to Kellogg's All-Bran".

(Signed) Fred Wilson.

Liven up your system
— *without harsh laxatives*

Harsh laxatives will not bring permanent relief from constipation. They shock delicate intestinal muscles into premature, unnatural action. It's just like hammering them into action. The more purges and laxatives you pour down your throat — the more you need.

The natural and safe way to relieve constipation is with Kellogg's All-Bran. Kellogg's All-Bran provides the necessary "bulk" you *need* in your diet.

Kellogg's All-Bran forms a soft, absorbent mass that gently massages the internal muscles and brings on peristaltic action. Two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran, served as a cereal, with milk and sugar, daily, will relieve constipation. Sold by all grocers.

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN is not a purgative. It's a naturally regulative food!

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Enjoy Ovaltine twice a day and get twice as much out of life. But remember there is only one Ovaltine . . . there is no substitute for Ovaltine . . . there is nothing just as good as Ovaltine!

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